

Sarvus *Gal 8. 16*
Mirum in modum.

A Glimpse of Gods Glorie
and
The Soules Shape.

{ Eyes must be bright, or else no eyes at all }
{ Can see this sight much more then myfflicall. }



LONDON
Printed for William Aspley.

1 6 0 2.

Illustration in miniature.

A Glimpse of Cook's Country

and

The Source of the Nile.



LONDON
Printed for William Woodfall,
1783.

To the most noble, iudicious, and my
best beloued Lorde, *William Earle of*
Pembroke; the most honorable Sir Robert Sid-
ney Knight, Lord Gouvernor of Vlishing; and the right right
worshipful Edward Herbert of Mountgomery Esquire,
my most honored and respected
Fricndes.

T*O subdiuide Soules indiuifible,
(Being wholly in the whole, and in each part)
For me were more then most impossible,
Though I were Arte it selfe, or more then Arte.
Yet must I make my Soule a Trinitie,
So to diuide the same, betweene you three,
For Vnderstanding, Will, and Memorie,
Makes but one Soule, yet they three Virtues be.
The Vnderstanding being first, I giue
Vnto the first, (for Order so doth crame)
And Will (Good-will) the second shall receiue.
Then Memory the last shall euer haue.
And as I part my Soule, my Booke I part
Betwixt you three, that shares my broken hart.*

All yours wholly, and to
you most humbly

deuoted

John Dauies.

To the most noble, judicious and my
best beloved Lord, Wm. Earl of
Pembroke; my most humble
and loving service, and
wonderful favour, I have
myself desired to
be your humble servant.

I have the honour to receive
your letter of the 10th inst.
and am glad to hear that
you are well. I have
not yet received your
letter of the 15th inst.
but I hope to receive it
soon. I have the honour
to be your humble servant.

Yours humble servant,
John Smith.

London.

John Smith.



Mirum in modum
A glimpse of Gods Glorie, and
the Soules shape



*W*its yeeld me words, *Wits* words *Wisedome* bewray.
My *Soule*, infuse thy selfe in't *Sauers* diuine.
The froath of *Wit*, O *Wisedome* skumme away
Powder these lines with thy preseruing Brine:
Refresh their saltnesse, salt their freshnesse fines
That *Wits* sweete words, if *Wisedomes* salt may taste,
Which can from crude *Conceit* corruption stay,
And make the same eternally to last,
Though in *Obliuion* be buried ay
The skumme of *Wits*, the witty *Skummes* repast,
Which like light skum, with those lewd *Skums* doth waste



O Thou maine *Ocean* of celestiall light,
(From whom all *Lights* deriue their influence)
The light of *Truth* infuse into my sprine,
And cleere the eyes of my *Intelligence*,
That they may see my *Soules* circumference,
Wherein the *Minde* as Centre placed is.
Wherein thou restest Center of true *Rest*,
Compass'd with glory, and vncompass'd blisse,
Which do thy *Lodge* with glorious light inuest,
Then lighten thy darke *Tune*, O glorious Ghest.

Mirum in modum.

The *Soule* of *Man* immortal and diuine,
By *Natures* light beholds the light of *Nature*,
Like as the *Bodies* eyes when *Summe* doth shine,
Doe by the *Summe* behold the *Summes* faire features:
So by that light shee sees shee is a *Creature*,
Created to her faire *Creators* forme,
In *Wisdom*e, *Knowledge*, and such goodly graces
Which doe the *Vnderstanding* right informe,
To guide the *Will* aright in sundry cases,
Whenas the *Sence* deluded, *Reason* out-faces.

For as the *Waynes* the body ouer-spreads,
And to its vmoſt bounds themſelues extend:
So *Science* in the *Soule* from certaine heads,
In great varietie her vaines doth ſend,
To whatſoe're the ſoule may comprehend.
This is her *Birth-right*, with the body borne,
Kinde *Natures* larges giu'n with hand diſplai'd,
Which doth the *Minde* illuſtrate and adorne:
To, and from whom, all knowledge is conuail'd,
That tends vnto the ſoule or bodies aide.

Which is deduced from pow'r more ſupream,
Then in th'externall *Senſes* doth reſide,
This light proceeds from that infused beame,
Which in the *Soules* ſupreamest part doth bide,
The *Bodies* motions and hir owne to guide.
For though th'incomprehenſible hath ſtampt,
His wiſdome in his workes to prooue his *Being*,
Yet all ſaue *Man*, from this *Light* is exempt,
By which the *Soules* eyes ſees (paſt ſenſe of *Seeing*)
Celeſtiall ſweets with hir ſweete ſelfe agreeing.

For th'outward *Senſes* Beaſts with vs enioy,
Nay they poſſeſſe the ſame in greater pow'r:
But yet thoſe *Senſes* they cannot imploy
To *Reasons* vſe, and *Vnderſtandings* cure,

But

Misuse in moderate

{ But these effects doe flowe from *Sense* more sure,
{ Which from an vnderstanding *Souls* proceeds,
Yet nought that *Vnderstanding* doth digest,
But first on it the outward *Senses* feede;
Both which inuities the *Will* vnto their feast,
Those *Senses* beeing tastiers to the rest.

Then if the *Senses* bee affected ill,
Or apprehend their *Obiects* with offence,
They wrong the *Vnderstanding* and the *Will*:
With false reporte of their experience.
{ But first they misse-informe th' *Intelligence*,
{ It giuing credit to their information,
Misleads the *Will* (that wayward is by kinde)
Which moues the *Members* with all festination:
(Beeing instrumentall agents of the *Minde*)
To doe what ere the *Senses* pleasant finde.

But when we say the *Vnderstanding* seazeth
On nought but what the *Senses* first surprizeth,
Its meant of things that pleaseth, or displeaseth,
And to the *Senses* sensibly ariseth:
{ Then herevpon the common *Sense* deuiseeth,
{ And then transferres it to the *Intellect*,
Which by hir pow'r inherent doth discourse,
By *Reasons* rules from *Causes* to th' effect:
And beeing there, runnes forth with greater force,
Till *Iudgement* (with strong hand) doth stay her course.

Herehence it is, the *Soule* her selfe doth know,
Hir owne effects shew to hir selfe discloseth,
So to herselfe, herselfe, herselfe doth shew,
By powres which shew within herselfe enclouseth;
{ Whereof herselfe, not of herselfe disposeth
{ But are directed by a higher *Pow'r*,
Yet hath shew eyes to see, and sence to feelee,
The way vnto herselfe (though most obscure)

Which

Mirum in Modum.

Which hirselfe vertues to hirselfe reueale,
Through which she wots what works hir woe or weale.

This knowledge of the vnkowne parte of *Man*,
(Namely the knowen *Soules* vnkowne parte)
From *Man* is hid since he to sinne began,
For *Ignorance* of Sinne is the iust sinart,
Which now doth hold enthralld his vniust hart.
But sith the *Soule* is such a precious thing,
As cost the price of past-price deereft bloud,
Then can no knowledge more aduantage bring,
Then knowledge of the Soule, as first she stood,
Or since she fell from her extreamest Good.

For she enwombes worldes of varietie,
Of Sunne-bright *Beauties* and celestiall *Sweetes*,
Vnited all in perfect sympathie,
Whereas the *Minde* with diuerse *Pillgres* meetes,
Which *Fancie* formes, and from the *Fancie* flectes.
From whence proceedes all maruellous *Inventions*,
Which doe produce all *Artes* and *Sciences*
That *Doubts* resolute, and doe dissolue *Dissentions*,
Touching the vniuerfall *Essenses*,
Subiect t'our inward, or our outward *Senses*.

Then what *Soule* on the *Soule* excogitates,
But it is rapt with ioy and wonderment,
Sith when the *Minde* but her adumberates
(In *Fancies* forge) it feeles such rauishment,
As yeeldes therewith a heau'n of high content:
Then sith all *Weale*, or *Woe*, that vs befall,
Floues from the *Soule*, as from their speciall Spring,
We should not to her *Weale* be neuterall,
But study to preferue that precious thing,
As that conserues the *Soule* and *Bodies* Being.

Wherein three *Faculties* still working be,

Animall,

Minum in Modum.

Animall, Vitall, and the Naturall,

The *Animall* diuided is in three,

Motive, Sensitive, and Principall.

{ The *Principall* hath three parts speciall,

Imagination, Reason, Memory.

The power *Sensitive* includes the powres
Of the externall *Senses* seu'rally.

The *Motive* powre, the *Corps* to stirre procures;
As long as *Vital* faculty indures.

Which Facultie is seated in the *Heart*,

Infusing Spirites of Life through eu'ry vaine.

The vertues *Animall* doe play their part,

In all the seu'rall cauerns of the *Braine*.

{ The vertues *Naturall* the wombe contains

Which doe consist of three essentiall partes,

Feeding, Growing, and Impendering;

Which subdiuided are by *Natures Artes*

Into sixe *Faculties*, with them working,

And common to them all in eu'ry thing.

The first and second, with the third and fourth,

Attracts, retaines, concocts, and distributes

The fift, and sixt, incorp rates and puts forth

What is superfluous. And thus executes

{ Their powres as one, though sextuplied in futes.

{ The foode the Mouth preparerh for the Maw;

The Maw forthwith prepares it for the Liver,

From whence a sanguine necture it doth draw,

And then vnto the *Heart* doth it deliuer,

Who in the nerves and veines it soone doth seuer.

Then through those channels of the blood it flowes,

Through all the limbes, to giue them nourishment,

And by those condites to the *Braine* it goes,

(Whereas the Soule doth hold her *Parliament*;

Mirum in modum.

{ To give *Lanes* for the *Bodies* gouernement:)
Where, if the foode be fine and delicate,
It turnes to blood, that in the *Braine* doth breede
Those *Spirites* fine, that doe refine the pate,
And crowne the same with glory for its meede,
For *Glory* *Spirites* refined dooth succcede.

The like is found betweene th' *internall Senses*,
And those same *Powres*, and virtues *Animall*.
First must a *Powre* receiue the *Images*
That form'd are in the *Senses* corporall,
{ Which *Powre* is call'd, the powre *Fantasticall*
{ This is the *Sentes* eye (seeing all vnscene)
Which views those *Senses* objects being absent,
And of th' *internall Senses* is the meane;
They to the *Memorie* the same present,
Who safely keeps that which to her is sent.

Thus then the *Fantasia* attracts we see,
The *Memorie* retaines, and *Reas'n* digests:
Judgement distributes all in their degrees
Experience then incorporates the best:
{ And *Wisdom*e by hir powre expells the rest.
{ Now for these *Senses*, *Powres*, and *Faculties*,
Haue all their *Organs* seated in the *Braine*.
Order requires that we particularize
What cauernes in the scull the same containe,
And in what manner they doe there remaine.

Which *Canes* or *Cells* distinguisht are with skinn,
Or subtile *Membranes*, and so being diuided,
The *Head* is like a House, that is within
Too many rowmes, or chambers subdiuided,
{ Vaulted with *Bone*, and with *Bone* likewise sided
{ The skinn that rafters, or else lines the rooffe,
Is hard, for durance, and thicke, to enwall,
Which is the skinn of *Skinnes*, a skinn of prooffe,

That

Mirum in modum.

That *Dura mater* loe, the Latines call,
For it enwombes the rest from dangers all.

The vse whereof, is to preserve the *Brain*,
(When it doth moue) from hardnesse of the *Scull*,
For discrete *Nature* maketh nought in vaine,
Whose tender prouidence, of care is full:
With *Meanes* she doth *Extremes* together pull.
It likewise serues to giue a passage free,
For all the *Veines* the *Brains* to feede and guide,
Whereby the vitall spirites may govern'd be,
And likewise into partes the *Brain* diuide,
Before, behind, on this, and on that side.

Besides this *Membrane*, there is yet another,
More fine and subtile, wou'n of many vaines,
Hight *Pia mater*, or the godly Mother,
Which in her wombe doth subdiuide the *Brains*,
And them in seuerall secret *Celles* containes,
Wherein the *Soule* doth vse hir chiefest *Pow'rs*,
Namely the *Animall* and *Rationall*.
Therefore all braines of *Beasts* are lesse then ours,
Ours fill their *Cells* and well-neere *Scull* and all.
Which doe refine the *Spirits* *Animall*.

Those *Spirits* that thus the *Brains* repurifie,
Procure the *Bodies* vnconceined blisses
And serues as *Organs* to *Reasons* faculty:
Which in the *Soule* the highest virtue is,
That hir corrects, if she directs amisse.
Foure *Ventricles* or concaues close conioyn'd,
In substance of the *Brain*, Dame Nature seates,
With mutuall passages which are assign'd
For all the *Spirits* egresses which *Deus* creates,
For Nature all, to all, communicates.

Those *Cells* wherein this witty work's begun;

Minum in modum

Are made by right more rownsome then the rest,
Of those to which the *Spirites* well-wrought do runne;
For there they purge their bad, and keepe their best,
{ For the last *Ventracles*, which are the least.
{ Two of the foremost then like *Cressets* twaine,
Plac'd on each side the *Head*, are most compleate.
The third's in middle Region of the *Braine*,
Where *Reason* rules, and holdes hir royall Seate,
The Fourth's behinde, where *Memorie* is greate.

The *Brayn-presse*, into which the *Bloud* is prest,
(That giues the *Braines* their vitall nutriment,)
Is compast with those concaues (with the rest,)
By which the *Soule* effecteth hir intent,
{ As with hir worke-performing Instrument.
{ Likewise an *Organ* made most curiously.
(Like little *Wheeles* together close connext)
Is plac'd as Portall of the *Memory*,
To let the *Spirites* swift passage, lest perplex,
It might bee by their throng, and shrowdly vex.

From the middle *Ventricle*, vnto the last,
A pipe doth passe as Chariot of the *Sp'rites*,
There to, and fro, they come and go in hast,
In mutuall wise as *Nature* them incites,
{ To do their duties, and performe their rites.
{ In this part of the *Brayne* the *Brayn-wrights* skill,
And wisdom infinite do most appeare.
And here to *Man* hee shewes his great good will.
For he imprints his owne *Charadler* there,
Wherein his diuine Nature shineth cleere.

Which wee the more perspicuously should see,
If we could see to which internal *Souce*
Each of these parts pertayne, or *Vessells* bee,
Wherein the *Soule* most shews hir excellence.

{ But this surmounts the *Minde* intelligence,
 For such a *Mystry* is embosomed,
 In *Wisdoms* Breast, cheft of such *Secrets* hie,
 Which is with obscure clouds invironed.
 That it is concealed from the *Eagles* eye,
 Much more from *Man*, that seeth but here by.

Thus having slightly toucht this tender parte,
 (For I could not but touch it thus at least)
 Because the *Soule* therewith performes hir *Arte*,
 It now remaines to prosecute the rest:
 { Of what my *Muse* touching the *Minde* exprest.
 { *Imagination*, *Fancie*, *Common-sence*,
 In nature brooketh oddes or vnion,
 Some makes them one, and some makes difference,
 But wee will vse them with distinction.
 With sence to shunne the *Sence* confusion.

The *Common-sence* (whose locall scituation,
 The *Fore-head* holdeth) hath that name assign'd:
 Because it first takes common information
 Of all the outward *Sences* in their kinde.
 { Of inward *Sences* this is first I finde,
 { Ordain'd to sort, and sever eu'ry thing,
 According to its nature properly,
 Which th outward *Sences* to this *Sence* doe bring,
 And then transmitteth it successuely,
 To each more inward *Sences* faculty.

The outward *Sences* then, cannot discern,
 What they doe apprehend but by this *Sence*,
 Of which those *Sences* all their science learne:
 And vnto which their skill haue reference.
 { As it referres all to th *Intelligence*.
 { Making a through-fare of the *Fantacie*,
 Which doth so forme, reforme, and it deforme,
 As pleaseth hir fantasticke faculty,

Mind in modum

Not pleas'd with what the common Sense informs;
But in the *Minde* makes calmes, or stirreth Stormes;

This Pow'r is pow'rfull yet is most vnsaid;
Shee resteth not, though *Sleepe* the *Corpes* arrest;
She doates, and dreames, and maketh the *Minde* afraide,
With visions vaine, wherewith she is oppress.
{ And from things likely, things vnlikely wrests
{ Shee is the *Ape* of *Nature*, which can doe,
By imitation what she doth indeed,
And if shee haue hir Patterns adde thereto
A thousand toyes, which in hir Bowells breede,
Without which patterns, she cannot proceede.

Now shee *Chimeras*, then shee *Beauities* frasco,
That doe the *Mynde* beheu'n with matchlesse blisses,
The whole she cripples, and makes whole the lame,
And makes and marrs as she disposed is,
{ Which is as life is led, wel, or amisse.
{ Shee with hir wings (that can out-fly the wind)
Through *Heau'n*, *Earth*, *Hell*, and what they hold doth fly,
And so imprints them lively in the *Minde*,
By force of hir impressing property,
Seeing all in all, with her quicke sighted Eye.

She (double diligence) is still in motion,
And well, or ill, shee euer is employ'd
Therefore good *Spirits* and badde, with like deuotion
Frequent hir still: which she cannot avoyde,
{ Wherewith the *Minde* is cheered or annoyde.
{ For as celestiaall *Spirits* can obiect,
To the *Minde* Eye diuine soul-pleasing fights,
So can infernall *Sprights* with like effect,
Present the *Soule* with what the *Soule* affrights,
Soe pow'rfull in their Pow'r are both these *Sprights*.

Which Pow'r fantastike is of so great force,

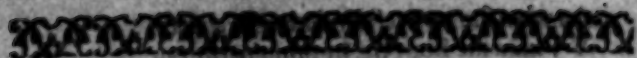
Mirum in modum.

As what she powerfully doth apprehend
V Within the Body she imprints perforce;
For to the Body, she doth force extend:
A prooffe whereof in women kinde is kend,
V When they in Coyn fix their Fancie fast
On him they fancie; if they then conceaue,
It will be like their Fancies object fac'd:
If then a wife doth but in thought deceaue,
The husband in that face may it perceaue.

This Powre is so preualent in the Mind,
As if some passe a Bridge, or some such thing,
They lightly fall, because their Fancies find
Danger beneath, which to the braine doth bring
A giddinelle, which causeth stumbling.
Thus then the Fancie oft the fact produceth,
That she with recollect'd virtue mindes,
And by the shade the substance oft traduceth;
So violent each Sense her virtue bindes,
And noyes, or ioyes the Mind, in diuerse kindes.

Halla my *Muses* heere rest a breathing while;
Sith thou art now arriv'd at *Reasons* seates
To whom, as to thy *Sou'raigne* reconcile
Thy straying thoughts; and humbly his entreate,
V With his iust measure all thy lines to meate,
Lest that like many *Rimers* of our time
Thou bloust much Paper, without meane or measure,
In Verse, whose reason runneth al to Rime:
Yet of the *Layrell* wreathe they make a seizure,
And doth *Minerva* so, a shrewde displeasure.

Had



HAd my *Soule* pow'r, the *Soule* pow'r to expresse,
And with strong reasons, *Reasons* strength bewray,
Men would admire hir virtue, and confesse,
By *Natures* right, she should their nature sway.
Monsieus alone resists her mightinesse,

But *Men* (though pow'rfull) hir pow'r will obey,
For shee as *Sou* raigne sitteth in the *Soule*,
All peruerse passions therein to controule.

• Shee by the pow'r of hir discrete discourse,
In th' operations of the *Fantastie*,
Can iudge of good, and bad, and by hir force,
Swiftly surmount each *Senses* facultie,
And whatsoeuer interrupts hir course,
Shee it remooues with great facilitie,

For *Natures* bosome nothing doth embowre,
That is not subject to his searching pow'r.

In which respect shee hath hir Throne assign'd,
Betweene th' extreame partes of the parted *Braine*,
(The place where *Nature*, *Virtue* hath confin'd)
There doth shee sit, and o're the *Senses* raigne,
And by hir might doth signioze the *Minde*,
VVhose wild and waiward inbods she doth reſtraine,
Their spight of *Passion*, she doth keepe hir place,
Though *Passion* in hir spight, hir oft disgrace.

For should shee hee transplac'd to *Fantastie*,
Or with *Imagination* be confounded,
A world of mists would clowde hir Sunne-bright eye,
VVherewith shee should be euermore surrounded,
So that she should not *Truth* from falshood spye,
But with strong *Fancies* should hir pow'r be bounded,
And like a *Queene* depofed from hir throne,
She should not able be to vse hir owne.

Mirum in modum

So fares it with hir when this *afflictions* force,
(Like a swift stream that carries all away)
Doth carry hir (by current of their course)
Farre from herselfe, as wanting strength to stay,
Vntill the whole man waxing worse and worse,
Be brought to viter ruine and decay:
— But if that shee be strong them to withstand,
Shee doomes aright, and doth aright command.

Then rules *Sau* check, then doomes without appeale,
No second sentence can hirs contradict,
She rules alone the whole *Mindes* common weale,
By holtsome *Hearst*, and *Lawes*, and *Iudgements* strict,
Which to the *Memory* she doth reucale,
Else it *Obluion* would interdict,
Wherein, as in a booke of *Decretalls*,
She writeth hir decrees in *Capitalls*.

For which respect the seate of *Memory*,
Confineth hard vpon hir *Continent*,
That so she may soone empte the *Fantastie*,
Of what doth passe through hir aritterment,
For else, what bootes hir *Good* and *Bad* to try,
If to the *Memory* it were not sent?
For that is it, that is sole receptacle,
Of humane *Wisdome*, *Natures* miracle.

Therefore, hir parte and portion of the braine,
Is much lesse humid, and more firmly fixt,
Because it so the better may retaine,
Th'impressions by the *Sences* there infixt,
And for its *Fount* of marrow in the raine,
Whereof the strongest sinewes are commixt,
For both which reasons *Nature* had respect,
To binde the *Braine* behind to that effect.

And yet too hard the *Braine* may there be bound,

Mirum in modum.

For so twill hardly open to conceine;
And beeing ouer-moyst, it will confound
All the impressions which the *Sences* giue.
VVell temp' red therefore needs must be the ground,
That truly yeelds the seede it doth receiue;
Yet the moyst braine conceiues more readily,
But the drie braine retaines more steadily.

The iudgement which the outward *Sences* giue,
Is eu'n as if we saw the shade of things,
And what we from the *Fantacie* receiue,
Is as it were their lively picturings.
The *Intellect* (which seldome doth deceiue)
Doth shew the substance of those shadowings:
But that which *Reason* presenteth to the *Minde*,
Is their effects and virtues in their kinde.

Th'externall *Sences* serues the common *Sence*,
The common *Sence* informes the *Fantacie*,
The *Fantacie*, the *Minds* *Intelligence*,
Th' *Intelligence* doth *Knowledge* certifie,
VVhich (when it hath past *Iudgements* conference)
Committeth all vnto the *Memory*:
Then *Memory* doth mirror-like reflect
To them againe, what they to hir obiect.

Thus *Reason* in the *Soule* is as hir eye,
VVherewith shee see'th the well linckt chaine of *Causes*,
And vseth euery *Sences* facultie;
To find what is included in their clauses,
Yet cannot lift hir lowly looke so hie,
Without re'nforcing of hir sight by pauses:
For since darke *Sinne* eclips't hir native light,
Shee see'th but by degrees, and not out-right.

But as she is, she plainly can discern,
The *Sence*-transcending *Heav'n's* plurality,

And

Mirum in modum.

And in the booke of *Nature* she doth learne,
VVhats taught in this *Worldes Vniuersitie*.
She keeps the *Compass*, and doth stire the *Steele*,
That guides to *Wisdoms* singularity:
All whose collections, when the *Soule* suruayes,
Shee sees hirselfe diuin'd a thousand wayes.

Thus *Reasons* reach is high and most profound,
VVhose deepe discourse is two-fold, which depends,
On *Speculation*, and on *Practise* found;
The first hath *Truth*, the last hath *Good* for ends;
For *Speculation* rests when *Truth* is found.
But *Practise*, when that *Good* it apprehends,
It staies not there, but to the *Will* proceedes,
And with that *Good* the *Will* it freely feeds.

Yet lest the *Soule* beholding hir faire forme,
Above hirselfe, should of hirselfe aspire;
He giues vs prooffe, he can hir parts deforme,
That form'd hir parts, if pride prouoke his ire,
Then lets her *Firnde* the *Fantacie* enorme,
VVith strong delusions and with passions dire:
Herehence it is that some suppose they are
Stone dead, some, all-*Noys*, some, more brittle ware.

Some having this parte perfect, are defected
In the powre rationally, the (*Soules* sentinell)
That is, with doting dulnesse so infected,
As what they say, or do, they wot not well;
Yet is their *Memory* right well affected,
And all their other *Faculties* excell:
So *Sickness* some *Mens* *Memory* vnframes,
That they forget their country, friends, and names.

Some others, not in parte, but wholly loose
The vse of all the *Sences* of their soule,
(Because they did their faculties abuse)

Mirum in Modum.

Those beeing franticke, Reason with Rage controule,
And worse then beasts they live, and cannot chuse
The Good from Bad, ne yet the Faire from Fowle:
But like infernall Furies fare they than,
Iniurious to themselves, to God, and Man.

Thus may these Powers perish all, or parte,
VVhen that almighty Powre his grace withdrawes,
Then let high Spirits retaine a lowly hart,
That may obedient be to Reasons Lawes,
For ill successe proceeds from worse desert,
And good effects proceeds from no ill cause:
If thy Mindes eyes see more then such eyes can,
Thanke God therefore, yet thinke thy selfe a man.

For if thy thoughts flie higher then that pitch, -
And Luciferian pride thy Minde inflate,
Thou mayst with him fall hedlong in the ditch,
And runne into Gods vnrevoked hate:
Then will the Fiend so much thy Mind bewitch,
That thou shalt be possesse in endlesse date:
VVith his strong Legions. Then let Reason raine
Thy head-strong Will, and thy high thoughts restrain.

Now hauing scene how each internal Sense
Contained is in cauernes of the Braine:
And how their works haue mutuall reference,
That so they may their common good maintaine:
Let vs with Eagles eyes without offence
Transview the obscure things that do remaine:
For Mans aye-searching Spirit with toils opprest:
Til it haue found that Good that gives it rest.

Yet this breeds bate twixt Reason and Fantacie:
For Fantacie beeing neere the outward Senses:
Allures the Soule to loue things bodily,
But Reason inounts to higher Excellences,

And

Mirum in modum.

And mooues the *spirit* her nimble wings to rise,
In pursuite of diuine *Intelligences*,
Who in the iawes of *Fantastie* doth let
A Snaffle, to o're-rule her wilde coraet.

And all this vigor to the *Spirite* is giu'n,
To flie with restlesse wings of *Contemplation*,
Vnto that *Powre* which in the highest *Heau'n*
Makes his no powre-impeaching *Habitation*:
Of which *Powre*, if this *Powre* be quite bereau'n,
Her dignitie incurreth degradation.

For as nought is more rare in Man then *Spright*,
So nought but rarest things should it delight.

For it becommes not that high *Maiestie*,
To *Man* (his creature) lower to descend
Then Man by force of his Mindes *Ingeny*
Is able to him easly to ascend.
That makes him not appeare to Mans weake eie,
Because his *Reason* can him apprehend.

If *Reason* then (by vse) be cleere and bright,
She may see him (vnseene) by her owne light.

For by our *Reason* and *Intelligence*,
We know him, from which knowledge, *Loue* doth flower
For we may loue, that we see not by Sense,
But cannot loue, the thing we doe not know,
Our Soules we loue, and loue the place from whence
Our Soules first came, though *Sense* them cannot show.

So that high *Powre*, though our Sense cannot show him,
Yet may we loue, because our Reasons know him.

For, can it be *Mans* Soule should be endow'd,
With *Understanding*, *Reason*, *Will* and *Wis*,
(To whose high powre, the highest *Powre* hath bow'd
His goodnesse, to be conuersant with it)
But that the *Soule* is therewithall allow'd,

Mirum in Modum

On sempiternall *Thrones* with him to sit,
If so, what can be worth the *Soules* discourse,
But that same *Minde*, that gaue the *Soule* such force?

Let *Beasts*, whose *soules* are meere *Sensitive*,
Whose *Being* ceaseth with their *Bodies* *being*:
Let those with *Tooth* and *Naile* strue here to liue,
Because they die for euer with their dying:
To them no other *Soules* did *Nature* giue,
But such as to this life was most agreeing
But such *Mens* *soules* of *God* (*Characters* bee,
With nothing but with *God*, they should agree.

Which *Soules* without their corp'ral *Instruments*,
By vertue of their intellectuall powres,
Within themselves can act some good intents,
(Though not expresse them to this sence of ours)
Who are sometimes rapt vp with raptiements,
As parted from the *Body* certaine howres,
Wherein they exercise their virtue so,
That more then erst they knew, they doe, and kno.

Wherein the *Vnderstanding* and the *Will*,
(Wherewith the *Soule* are sumptuously set forth)
Are most imploied; whose functions are to fill,
The *Soules* with *Treasures* of the rarest worth,
Which th' *Intellect* to *Will* presenteth still,
And to the loue thereof the will allur' th,
For *Will* will nothing entertaine in loue,
But what the *Vnderstanding* doth approue.

And what it doth approue (as erst was said)
It sends to *Memories* safe custodie:
So then the powres that most the *Soule* do aide,
Is *Vnderstanding*, *Will*, and *Memorie*,
Which if by *Error* they bee not betraid,
They will the *Soules* affects so fortifie,

That

Minum in modum.

That thee in sight of all the Powers belowe,
Shall giue hir foes a glorious ouerthrowe.

Yet as the *Sunne* to vs imparts his light,
Now more, now lesse, as it is cleare, or clouded,
So fares it with our *Vnderstandings* light,
That's darke as hell, if it with *Sinne* be shrowded:
Or if that Earthly things inclose it quight,
VWherewith the *Soule* may be so ouer-crowded,
That she may faint and finally may fall
To vitter darkenesse, hir foe Capitall.

Besides, the *Sodiers* state and constitution,
May much auaille, or disadvantage it;
Then *Riot* is no good Phisition,
To heale, or keepe in health, mans feeble *Wit*,
For excesse tends to *Dissolution*,
And *Dissolution* doth in *Darkenesse* sit,
Then wouldst thou haue a cleere *Intelligence*?
Feare God, fare well, but feede without offence.

For though the *Soule* the *Body* should o're-rule,
By lawe of *Nature*, and in *Reasons* right,
Yet oft we see the *Body* rule the *Soule*,
When meates excesse augments the *Bodies* might:
The *Flesh* exalted, wil the *Spirit* controule,
And make the *Bodies* manners brutish quight:
But if thy *Flesh* be ill compos'd by kinde,
Mend it with holsome meate, and mod'rate minde.

For what a monstrous vice is this in *Man*,
To quench his *Spirit* with wine and belly-cheare,
When *Beasts* will take no more then well they can,
Although (by force) they should aby it deare:
For neuer *Man* a *Beast* by rigor wan
To eate, or drinke, more then hee well could beare.
Then if thou wouldst not haue a *Beast* excell thee,
Take thou no more then *Nature* doth compell thee. O

Mirum in modum.

O that these *Heathens* that makes so many sickes,
Were buried in the lake of *Leache* quickes!
For since our English (ah) were *Flusbeniz'd*,
Against good manners, and good men they kicke,
As *Beasts* they were, and wondrous ill aduiz'd:
Band be these *Bacchus* feasts which oft they make,
Which makes *Reason* sleepe, and *Riot* keepes awake.

Can *Meate* and *Drinke* which pleaseth but the *Tasse*,
(A *Sence* from th' *Understanding* most remote)
Which pleasure for so small a while doth last,
As passing but (two inches of the throte)
Make men their fames and *Soules* away to cast,
G O D shield that famous *Men* so much should dote.
Let neuer *Men* of *Minde* their *Mindes* defile,
With such a vice more vile, then *Vice* most vile.

O what a hell of *Minde* good *Mindes* endures,
When they in minde behold such *Men* of *Minde*,
Whose *Soules* are deckt with intellectuall pow're,
Imploy the same (repugnant to their kind,)
To find out lothsome leakage which procures
Then witts to loose, where they such Leakage finde!
Can any griefe be greater then to see,
A man that men commands, a beast to be?

Conuerting martiall sports that were in vse,
To winie vnaccustom'd *Combates*, O
That valiant men should dare men to carouse,
And count them cowards that will not doe so!
For now it is become a great abuse,
Heathens to refuse, If legges can stand or goe:
But out vpon such *Combatts* and such game,
Whereas the victors glory is their shame.

The *Spirit* of *Man* whose temper is diuine,
And made to mount vnto the highest height,

Should

Mind in motion

So the Soules Faculties and her Affe^{ct}s,
Are brought to nought by *Wits* (too bad) effects.

For if the Soule at best, (and best aduizd)
Be prompt *Opinion* still to chop and changes
What will shee doe when she with *Wits* baptizd?
How will she wander then? where will she range?
Where? nay, where not? she being so disguizd,
If from herselfe, herselfe she may estranges
Then eu'ry way shee runne, saue that is right,
Because her eie of *Iudgement* wanteth sight.

For *Reas'n* (th' effect of the *Intelligence*)
Winde-driu'n from the Sterne that rules the *Minde*,
What shall direct the faculties of *Sense*
In their right course, but bolde affections blind,
Which headlong runnes into all foule offence,
As they are moued by their corrupt kind?
For eu'ry *Sensuall* man in sensuall sort,
Of *Sensuallitie* makes but a sport.

Then *Reas'n* must rule, or *Sense* will runne awry,
(Vnruely *Sense*, by kinde, is so o'rethwart.)
Yet *Reason* hath a two-folde property,
And in her practise vseth double Art:
For now by *Consequence* she *Truth* doth try:
Then heere and there for *Truth* her trialls starts
And starting so, she balkes *Truths* euidence,
Then right she doomes not, but by *Consequence*.

Sharpe *Wits*, wil pierce hard *Propositions* strain
Quicke *Wittes*, by sharp coniecture *Truth* attaines
Great *Wits*, at once conclude it in Conceit
Slowe, and yet sure wittes, find it out with paine
And all those wittes on *Wisdomes* still doe waite,
To serue her in the *Science* that bounds the braines.

Mirum in modum.

Whose Power she still employes to augment her might,
And doomes of their indevours most vpright.

For shee within the Soule is *Queen* of *Queenes*,
As *God* vnto the *Soule* is *King* of *Kings*,
Th' internall *Senses* are *Queenes*, yet but meanes
Wherewith her businesse to effect she brings.
On whome (as on her *Minions*) still she leanes,
With greater ease to doe vnease things.
But for her selfe, she is in *Natures* doe,
Soules *Adm*, *Mindes* *Soule*, and *Gods* sole Image true.

Or rather, *Gods* *Soules* sole *Character* right,
In whose breast it had, haue, and shall haue ever,
True restlesse rest, whose word true *Wisdome* hight,
(That past beginnings liu'd, and dieth neuer)
Did on our flesh (which did in painefull plight)
That none might from our *Soules* that *Wisdome* secret
For we in that, and that in vs doth bide,
By vaching d'interchange on either side.

The *Body* in the *Elements* is cloz'd,
The *Bloud* within the *Body* is confin'd,
The *Spirits* within the *Bloud*; the *Soules* dispos'd
Within the *Spirits*, which *Soule* includes the *Mind*,
The *Vnderstanding* in the *Mind*'s repoz'd,
And *God* in th' *Vnderstanding* rest doth find.
So this *World*'s made for *Man*, *Man* for the *Soule*,
Soule for the *Mind*, the *Mind* for *God* her *Gate*.

Howbe't it is too true she was betray'd,
When *Sin* perswaded hir, shee should be en'
With *Wisdome* infinite, and so assay'd,
To match that *Power* that all hir power had gain'
Then, for she was ingrate, and so vnstay'd,
She was bereft much virtue (though forgain')

Mirum in modum

That now she see th *Truth* but through a vail,
So in discerning *Truth*, she oft doth faile.

For as the *Soule*, so is her faculties,
The *Spring* beeing choak'd the streame cannot be strong,
They see not wel, that haue but faine blind eyes,
Nor is that firme, that frailty hath among.
So humane *Wisdom*, be it ne're so wise,
Oft goeth right, but oft turneth wrong:
Whose restlesse travells are but *Truth* to meete,
And yet (though oft at hand) shee cannot see it.

For how can humane *Wisdom* chuse but erre,
When all hir science comes from th' outward *Senses*,
Which oft misse apprehend, and misse refuse,
And so betrayes our best intelligences,
Then *Iudgement* needs must fayle that doth confesse,
Falle *Antecedents* with false *References*,
For what those *Senses* constantly affirme,
The *Iudgement* doth as constantly confirme.

But yet in cases of our constant faith,
Wee *Faith* beleue, and giue our *Sence* the lie,
Nay, what so'e're our humane reason saith,
If it our faith gainesay, we it deny:
On highest heights *Faith* his foundation laith,
Which neuer can be scene of mortall eyes,
For if *Faith* lay, a *Maid* may be a *Mother*,
Though *Sence* gainesay, wee beleue the other.

If *Faith* affirme, that God a man may bee,
(A mortall man, and line, and die with paine),
We it beleue, though how, we cannot see,
For heere strong *Faith* doth headstrong *Reason* restrain:
And with the truth compells hir to agree,
Lest she should douer-runne hir selfe in vain.

Minum in modum.

So, if *Faith* say one's three, and three is one,
Though *Sence* say nay, we *Faith* believe alone.

Faithers Sences are so firme, they cannot fail,
For they deriue their science from Gods *Sence*,
Through whom, in what the *series*, the doth *perceive*,
And by the light thereof, might doth *reue*,
Faith hath no *Faithers* fall his thoughts to *quale*,
Nor by delusions is to wauer *won*,
For being guided by Gods true light,
His *Indgement* will discerne what *right* be *right*.

No maruell then though men with *Faith* endow'd,
Become so firme, that no playes pow'r, or skill,
Can shake them once: for they are wholly *ow'd*,
To him, whose *Rock* and *Staff* doe stay them still,
In few, by no means can she be *fold*,
But stands as vnremou'd as *Si* hill,
Then *Faithers* foundations must of force be *strong*,
That can all kinde of force so *we* endure.

Yet *Indgements* function is of great effect,
Which sorts *Particulars* from *Generalls*,
Then *Generalls* from *Generalls* elect,
And so from *Specials* parteth *Specials*,
Then all conferres, and (as she can) select,
The good from bad, and *Spirits* from *Corporals*,
This by hir pow'r she able is to doe,
Especially, if God giues *ay* to *her*.

But when *Disposse* sets out, *Faith* must rest,
Shees like a whelp that playes with *en* joy,
Nor must the *Will* the *Adversary* molest,
Because it doth the *Intellect* annoy,
Which quietly, trust *Sence* reports *disse*,
And at hir pow'r it must the *good* *imploy*.

Mirum in modum.

But if commotions of the *Minde* impugne,
She cannot worke, and all must needs go wrong.

For as in well composed Common-weales,
The *Members* in their place, their works apply;
And with reciprocall affection scales
Each others want, and it with speede supply:
So in well-mannag'd mindes the *Sences* deales,
Which hinders not ech others faculty.

But for the publike good of *Soule* and *Minde*,
Each *Power* applies the worke to it assign'd.

And *Memory* is true, if she be trusted;
If otherwise, there's more then most vntust:
Shee'l keepe *Mindes* riches else till they be rusted,
(Yet riches of the *Minde* are passing pure)
But if the *Minde* with rust of *Care* be crusted,
Then *Memory* in force cannot endure:
For cares are moathes and cankers of the *Mindes*,
That *Memory* confutes, therein confin'd.

So while *Reason* worketh, *Iudgement* rest doth take;
But when that worke is wrought, the same she wayes
And markes with *Linsey Eyes* what *Reason* did make:
If wel, or ill, or neutrall, she bewrayes.
And if she finde hire eyes not wel awake,
VVith watchfull eyes againe she it surueyes,
And ceaseth not till she be fixed fast,
In that which of the truth hath greatest taste.

And when she doubts she is her selfe decci'd,
It growes from *It* that is so like to *Good*,
That for that good its commonly recei'd:
Yet is the *Frier* not made by the *Flood*,
But likelihoods of *Truth* by *Sence* concei'd,
May drowne her (without heede) in *Error* flood.

Admirin modish.

Else hardly would the slide, but surely slide,
If *Faith* and *like Truth*, bare him not from slide.

For as true *Good*, agreeeth with the *Will*,
So *Truth* hath with the *Mind* true sympathy,
And as the *Will* hath no such foe as *Ill*,
So *Error* is the *Mind*'s most enemy.
If *Judgement* then approve of *Reason*'s skill,
Shee joyes his selfe thereto inseparably.
And so of *Judgement* reason and *Reason*'s judgement
Makes then but one, by force of one consent.

Fow'r things there are that makes our knowledge strong,
Experience knowne, to know each *Principle*,
Naturall judgement, (having health among)
And revelation from th' *Invisible*,
That's iust and right, and cannot viter wrong.
These makes vs know all comprehensible.
The first three tendeth to *Philosophy*,
The last belongeth to *Divinity*.

These are the *Elements* wherof is form'd,
Our totall knowledge, humane, or diuine;
And had the first *Man* not bin first deform'd,
More bright then *Sol*, in the *Soule* should shine;
For to that influence I had bin conform'd,
That make the *Mind*'s eyes pure and chistalline.
For then *God*'s glorious Sonne all only wise,
Had lent the *Spirits Sonne* bright all seeing eyes.

Now twixt the *Soule* and *Spirit*, great oddes there is,
(Though vulgarly they taken are for one,)
For by the *Soule* is meant those faculties,
That doe comfort a humane *Soule* alones
The *Spirit* doth not (as they doe) oft amisse,
For it to grace and virtue still is prone.

Mithum in medietate

The *Soule* to *Sinne* and *Flesh*, but not the *Spirit*, and *God*
For that with *Sinne* and *Flesh*, still maintaines fight.

Whereto (in sort,) agrees what *Poets* saie,
How lone did *Reynolds* confesse within the *State*,
And for th' *Affections* did the *Captives* ordaine,
Which *Reynolds* regiment doth els' small,
Taking two *Tirants* fell with them to raigne,
VVhich oft the whole man to their parts doe pull,
That's *drag* which in the *Hart* hath residence,
And in the *Belly* raignes *Concupiscence*.

VVhich *Passion* of it selfe, is of such pow'r
(Vnlesse th' almighty *Power* prevent the same,)
As, *Nolens* *violens* will the *Soule* deflow'r,
And make the *Flesh* *Gomorrah* like to flame,
Though *God* and *Nature* at that fight doe lo'r,
And *Hell* wide-gaping laughs to see the same,
Nay though it should soone with destroy the *Soule*,
Yet *Flesh* being fraile, will make faire *Flesh* thus fowle.

But from this *Passion* to repasse from whence,
VVe past *Oblique*, and to our right proceede,
For hauing past the fatulnes of *Sinne*,
It rests that now wee weigh what doth succede,
But stay a while my *Mind*, thou must from hence,
Mount higher then thou canst, then hast thou neede,
To rest in contemplation of thy flight,
Such *Contemplation* next calues by right.

VV

Mirror in modum.



Then from the outward *Senses* is comū'd,
All their relations in the common *Sence*,
And so to *Fantastie* (as erst was said)
And then to *Reason*, or *Intelligence*,
From whence (being sent to *Iudgements* confe-

It lastly comes to *Contemplations* light,
Which is the viewe of *Truthe*s true consequence,
For *Reason* and *Iudgement* findes out what is right,
Which *Contemplation* viewes with rare delight.

For to the *Spirit* nought more pleasing is,
Then naked *Truth*, she is so passing faire,
For when they meete, they do with comfort kisse,
And nought but *Error* can that ioy impair,
Herehence it is, that though we do dispaire,
Of some whose manners are most monstrous,
Yet they, by *Natures* instinct, *Truth* desires
For knowledge to their *Spirits* is precious,
And deeme all dull-heads most inglorious.

Nay though the *Spirit* cannot come neere the truth,
It pleaseh hir t approach the neer st she may,
Which like an egre *Beagle* it pursueth,
Whose paines are passing pleasure all the way:
Then as the *Minde* is more diuinely gay,
So wil it most, most diuine *Truth* affect:
But beeing base, it will the same bewray,
By most pursuing things of least effect,
Which *Spirits* of diuine temper do neglect.

The *Contemplation* then doth ruminatē
On *Truth*, and none but *Truth*, for onely it
Vnto hir dainty tast is delicate,
And nothing doth the same so fully fit,
As this *Soule*-feeding single, simple bit,
Then *Contemplation* must be most diuine,
That can with *Truth* diuine a humane wit,
And *Zeale* from *Error* doth aright refine,
And to the purest faith the same combine.

Mirum in modum.

She (diuine Pow'r) confociates Pow'r diuine,
Gliding through Heau'n, on hir celestially wings,
And to the *Angels* Hymnes hir eares incline,
And all the Hoast of Heau'n together brings
At once, to view those bright-eye-blinding things;
Yet staves not here, but doth hir selfe intrude,
Into the presence of the King of Kings,
To see th' *Obisfine* sole *Beatitude*,
That of the *Cherubims* cannot be view'd.

And houw'ring here she staies, and straines hir sight,
To see the same (as of it selfe its scene)
But taper-pointed Beames of extreame light
Darts through hir eies, and make them sightlesse cleane,
Yet inly sees a certaine *Lighi* vnscene,
That so doth raniish all hir powres of *Sence*,
As in the Heau'n of Heau'ns it makes hir weene,
She sensibly hath reall residence,
O'rewhelm'd with Glory and Magnificence.

But if the *Body* indisposed bee,
And due proportion of the *Humors* want,
(If *Wisdome* do not well the same foresee)
She here may passe the bounds of *Grace* (I grant)
And so waxe franticke, vaine, and ignorant,
Or else presumptuously too curious,
For *Powre* inscrutable she must not scant,
To hir powres reach, for that were impious,
And most impardonably presumptuous.

For as our Corp'rall Eyes cannot behold
The Sunne, whose substance is but corporall;
So the Soules Eye (being fixt to mortall mould)
Cannot behold the *Deuy* immortal:
But if our Eye were supernaturall,
And fixt vnto the Sunne, then might it see
The Sunne it selfe, and with the Sunne see all:
So shall the Soules Eye see that *Desire*,
When after death, it fixt to it shall bee.

Mirum in modum.

Yet *Contemplation* may by force of loue,
Whilst yet the *Soule* is to the *Body* tied,
(Wing'd with *Desire*) ascend her selfe above,
And with hir *God* eternally abide,
So neare, as if the toucht his glorious side:
For as one drawing nigh materiall fire,
Doth feele the heate, before the flame be tride,
So who drawes nigh to *God* by *Loues* desire,
Shall, to, and with, that heaui'nly *Flame* aspire.

This is that holy, kind, and sugred *Kisse*,
That *God* in loue vouchsafes the louing *Soule*,
To which this louing Lord espowled is,
When (as hir Lord) he, by his grace, doth rule,
Which doth extinguish all affections soules
This *Kisse* must needes be short as *Lightnings* leame,
Or else it would the *Body* so controule,
Through *Soules* excessse of ioy (in such extreame)
That it would leaue hir in a datelesse dreame.

Those *Soules* that are by *Contemplation* fixt
So fast to *God*, that th'are remon'd by none,
Are like the *Seraphims* to *God* confixt,
Who are exempt from outward charge alone,
And still (like burning lampes) surround his Throne,
For as fine *Gold* beeing molten in the fire,
Doth seeme, as if the fire and it were one,
So is the louing *Soule* through *loues* desire,
With *God* in *Contemplation* made intire.

Here *Contemplation* may so long reside,
(For here she makes the *Soule* drunke with delight)
As if the *Body* *Soules* *esse* did abide,
And all the *Sences* were depriu'd of might,
While from hir selfe, the *Soule* thus takes hir flight,
To such excellẽce of mind some men are brought,
That they do see by reuelation right,
How they should liue, and beleeue as they ought,
VVith many maruells else surmounting thought.

Mirum in modum.

This ghostly wine in *Contemplation* drunke,
Hath made, ere now, some *Soules* so drunke with ioy,
As some good *Bodies* in the same haue funcke,
As if they were strooke dead with some annoy.
And other some, it hath constrained to toy,
To sing, to leape, to laugh, and some to rue
(Who then to weepe they doe themselves imploy)
Some nothing say, but, *Iesu, Iesu, Iesu:*
And other some, some words they neuer knew.

The cause of all these motions (as should seeme)
From the *Soules* blisse and ioyes-abundance came,
Which to the *Body* shares that ioy extream,
And it not able to containe the same,
Doth vent it out with gestures vnde in game.
As when new wine into a caske is cast,
It vpwardes boiles, and many motions frame.
And wanting vent, it will the vessell brast
So fares the *Body* which these *Dainties* taste.

But heere me thinkes I heare some *Atheist* say,
All these are but meere naturall effects;
For th' object of our *Loue*, our *Soules* betray
To eu'ry *Passion* which it selfe reflects:
And so the *Pagan* his false God respects
As *Loue* thereto, these things in him doth workes
But neuer *Heathens* heart had these *Affects*
For neuer in a *Pagan*, *Iew*, or *Turke*,
Can such *Soule*-pleasing *Inbitations* lurke.

For as in *Tempests*, *Smoake* away doth flie,
Which yet augments the fire, and spreads the flame,
So in *Afflictions* stormes these dogges will die,
And can no praier with deuotion frame.
But *Christians* then, can best performe the same,
Who though with *Troubles* stormes they still are tolst
Yet of their endlesse griefes they make their game,
And in their most affliction, glory most
When such affliction grieues a *Pagans* ghost.

Know

Mirum in modum.

Know then (whose knowledge is but Ignorance,
Whose *Wit* (though ne're so nimble) is but lame)
That all is subiect to the gouernance
Of that *Ieſus*, that no Tongue well can name.
For there is nothing subiect vnto *Chance*,
But as he will, so will all Fortunes frame,
Who is the propper of diuine *Providence*,
Which thou seeſt not, for want of *Grace* and *Serue*.

Thou Diu'l incarnate, *Monster* like a Man,
Perfidious *Athiſt*, graceleſſe *Libertine*,
Which *Nature* then produc'd when ſhe began
To wrong her ſelfe, and from herſelfe decline.
Yea then when *Reaſon* ſarre herſelfe ore-ran,
And to the brutiſh part did whole incline:
What brow of Braſſe can beare thy earned blame,
Whose *Conſcience* ſear'd wants ſenſe of ſinne, and ſhame?

For loe the Soule (by force of Contemplation)
Engulphed lies in ioyfull *Ecſtaſy*,
Where ſhe doth languish in a loue-ſicke paſſion,
Swallowed with ſweets in ſuch extremity,
That ſhees eu'n ſtill'd with felicity.
But O (wretch that I am) when, when, O when
Shall my dry ſoule her thirſt here ſatiſfied
But I a ſincke of ſinne and Soile of Men,
Am too too fowle this *Fount* a looſe to ken.

Here neede the Soule to ſtand vpon her guard,
And keep the *Temper* at the *Spirits* ſword-point,
Elſe pride will puffe her, ſith ſo well ſhe ſar'd
Which ſwelling will runne downe from ioynt to ioynt,
That ſhe wil burſt, if *Grace* her not annoynt.
This found lie true, that found this true reſpaſt,
In the third *Hand* as God did fore-appoint,
Yet muſt he Buſtets with ſuch Banquets taſte
Leſt he ſhould be pufft vp, and ſo diſgrac'd.

Mirum in Modum.

For our Soules foe extracts Ill out of Good,
As our Soules friend doth draw Good out of Ill,
The foe can foile (if he be not with-stood)
With *Pride* our *Party*, and our good-will.
But our best friend, though we offend him still,
From these offences drawes humilitie:
Which makes vs crouch, and kneele, and pray, vntill
He doth commiserate our misery,
This doth our friend, vnlike ouremie.

The Soule cannot her soundnesse more bewray,
Then when she doth *Temptations* strong resist,
For like as when our *Pulses* strongly play,
We know wee neede not then a *Galemist*.
So when the Soule doth paint, strine, and perist,
In struggling with *Temptations*, then we know,
That Soule with perfect health is truly blist:
For she by demonstration it doth sho,
And blest are all those Soules that striueth so.

But in the *Mindes* excessive and traunce of *Spirit*,
(When *Reuelations* rusheth on the Soule)
It her behoues to haue much ghostly might,
The spirit of *Pride* with courage to controule,
Lest with the Princee of *Pride* hir fall be foule;
For he being mounted neere *Heavens Maiesie*,
Sought with the same the *UNIVERS* to rule,
So fell he from his glorious dignity,
So may a Soule inflate with *Sanctity*.

But if the Soule through the *Abnighties* pow'r,
(Antepenfizing hir pow'ers with grace)
Breake through those muddy walls which hir immure,
And would compell hir fowle affects t'embrace,
Shee then (*sau* pride) might looke God in the face.
Which to expresse, ah who can it expresse?
Not God as Man, can shew Gods glories grace,
Much lesse can *Moses* & *Paul*, and *Iohn* much lesse,
Then what can I do Sincke of Sottishnesse?

Mirum in modum.

Moses sawe but his backe: *Paul* not so much,
John but his shade, being shadowed with his wings,
Such as the Eyes, their objects stil are such:
Then mortall Eyes can see but mortall things,
No king can live and see that King of kings.
No pow'r can giue that priuiledge to Man,
But onely *Death* and *Grace* to *God* him brings,
That *Heav'n* and *Earth* doth measure with his span,
Then to discribe his greatnesse, ah, who can!

Dare I, vile froth of *Frailty*, *Follies* scumme,
Presume t'exploit impossibilitie?
In my base barren witt dare I inwombe
The magnitude of all *Immensities*?
And proue so great improbabilities?
Vaile, vaile thy thoughts, th'imaginations vaile,
Vnto the depth of all profundities:
And ere thou enterst this *Sea*, strike the *Saile*,
Or thou wilt be o'rewhelmed without faile.

But be it granted wee may safely swimme,
Neere to this boundlesse *Oceans* shorelesse-shore,
Yet if *Presumption* beare vs from the *Brimme*,
Then are we lost: and can come out no more.
Nay, if too much thereon we chaunce to pore,
Albe't we are within a ken of *Land*,
T'will turne our braines: and make our Eyes so sore,
That we our *Sea* hardly shall command,
With vpright iudgement vprightly to stand.

To forme the *Godhead* (in our *Fancies* forge)
With all the *Beauties*, *Heav'n* and *Earth* contains,
We must be faine againe it to reforge,
For in his sight thole *Beauties* are but staines.
In vaine therefore it is to beate our braines,
To frame that *Forme*, that framp'd all *Formes* that are,
And yet himselfe a formelesse *Forme* remains,
That in *Formis* is past compare,
His glory is so great, his grace so rare!

Mirum in Modum.

Obiects of Sense are printed in the *Minde*,
By that which from those *Obiects*, *Sence* attracts
But that which *Sence* still seeks, yet cannot finde,
The *Minde* from thence no *Images* abstracts
Then if the *Minde*, *G O D S* forme of *Sence* extracts,
Sence must enforme it with forme sensible,
Which from *Gods* creatures beauty it extracts,
Which cannot be incomprehensible,
As *Gods* forme is, that's most insensible.

He that but toucht his *Arke* at point to fall,
He strake stone-dead, then needs must the offence,
To looke therein be more then Capitall,
Because himselfe had there true residence:
Then truly we may well collect from hence,
No creature should be so presumptuous,
To search for *Gods* true forme, with erring *sence*,
Which at the best is most ambiguous,
Then so to do is deadly dangerous.

The *Seraphims* being *Angels* most supream,
Exists but as a meane twixt *God* and *Men*,
(Yet neere the lower then the high *Extrême*)
Then if those *Spirits* no mortall eye can ken,
For glittering glory with the which they bren,
How shall such eyes behold *Iehovahs* face,
Sith *Seraphims* themselues are blinded, when
They do but glaunce vpon his glories grace?
They must confounded be, they are so base.

Men being most vnable to finde out
The substance of the *God*, head by their *sence*,
Hane with the highest *Titles* gone about,
To explicate that *Super-excellence*:
But that which argues most preheminance,
Of all high *Titles*, they the *G O O D* him call,
But that name fits not his beneficence,
For *Good* is good, of *Goodnes*, but hee's all
Goodnesse it selfe super substantiall.

Miriam in modum.

Nay, *Goodness* cannot possibly extend
T'expresse his goodnesse, that we *Goodnesse* call,
For *Goodnesse* on some substance doth depend,
But in that *God-head* can be nought at all,
That is not more then *super-substantiall*:
Then can no name his namelesse Name expresse,
But what (in *Sence* precise) vnnames them all,
For who so knowes it most, doth know it lesse,
As they that knoweth most of all confesse.

He is vnmo'd, vnchang'd, pure, bodilesse,
Most simple, subtil, endlessse, infinite,
All wise, all good, all great, beginninglesse,
All these are names by which we do recite,
Not what he is, but what he is not, right
Hee's vncontain'd, yet in himselfe confin'd,
VVhose mightinesse is bounded in his might,
VVhich so extends that he himselfe can finde,
Without himselfe, no *Being* in no kinde.

An *act* small vnderstanding infinite,
Philosophy can reach no higher stile,
Which in respect of him is but finite.
Disinitie it selfe, cannot compile,
His name in words, for words are too too vile:
I am (quoth he) what art Lord? that *I am*,
Lo heer's the highest state (alas the while).
That *Words* can reach, though hee deuise d the same,
That with words cannot tell his namelesse name.

Yet as a worme that only hath a will,
To trie hir force in that she cannot do,
So I (though voide of grace, and want of skill)
Bring with me more then much good will hereto,
And still to it my selfe, my selfe doth woo,
Yet am I terrified when well I way,
How some great Doctots did their wits vndo,
VVhen they this mystery sought to bewray,
Then will I, ere I enter, humbly pray.

Mirra in rhodum

O great and dreadfull Site of Gods and Ments
 O all-wise Word, that no word can expresse
 O Fullon Spirit, all that bright doft brent
 O three-fold, yet all one *Almightinesse*
 Inspire my wit, (compris'd in mortall presse)
 With that pure *Influence* thy Throne attendings,
 That notwithstanding my vnworthinesse,
 I may, in part, vnfold (without offending)
 That which doth farre surmount all comprehending,

Mount *Muse*, but rise with reuerence and feare;
 With *Icarus* soare, not too neere the *Sunne*,
 Lest that thereby thy waxen wings do meare,
 And in this *Sea* thou fall, and be ore-runne,
 Where thou shalt loose thy selfe, and be vndone;
 Couer thy face with thy celestiall wings,
 As *Cherubins* now do, and still haue done;
 Yet through thy plumes, glaurice at this *Thing of Things*,
 Becing the cause intire of all *Being*.

For hee is *Good*, without all *Quality*,
 Then, O how good is hee, that knowes the same;
 And he is great, beyond all *Quantity*,
 Then, O how great is he that can him name;
 Eternall, without time, from whome *Time* came,
 Being present euery where, yet without place;
 For euery place hee fram'd, and keepe in frame;
 Beholding all, yet none beholds his face;
 He giuing all, none giuing to him grace.

But where art thou? What shall I call thy name?
 O GREAT, O GOOD, a good great name I want,
 Thou art so great, that I no name can frame
 To fitt thy greatnesse, but it is too scant,
 Thy goodnesse is as great, good *Great* I grant;
 But where art thou? among thy *Angels* Noes;
 Where then? with thy *Church* ever triumphant;
 There, and where not thou art, but yet not so;
 As thou art with, and in, thy selfe, I know.

Minnen in modum.

Fortwixt the *Heav'n*, where *Saints* and *Angels* rest,
And that same *Heav'n* of *Heav'n*, where thou resid'st,
Is greater distance then from *East* to *West*:
Yet on the *Cherubim* thou often rid'st,
And every where in *Essence* thou abid'st;
But where thy *Glorie* beames doe glitter most,
With distance infinite, thou it divid'st:
From all the *Orders* of the heau'nly *Host*
Where to thy selfe thy selfe alone thou sho'st.

In quintescens of *Glorie* quintescens,
Which was, and is, most vnapprochable,
The *Throne* is plac'd of thy magnificence;
Whereon thou sitt'st in light vnthinkeable,
Then not by *Tongue*, or *Pen*, expressible,
For eu'n as when the *Sunne* his beames display,
(Because our *Eyes* to see the same's vnable)
We through a scarfe behold them as we may,
Eu'n so must *Man*, behold Gods *Glorie* ray.

Such as goe downe into the *Sea* profound
Of deepe *Philosophy*, doe meete thee there;
Of *Men* profane thou art there often found,
For in thy *Workers* thy steppes do plaine appeare:
Nay in thy works is stamp'thine *Image* cleere;
And yet no worke of thine resembles thee
So right (though *Men* and *Angels* drawn neere)
But that the difference infinite must be,
Sith thou art infinite in each degree.

The *Deities* that in the *Starres* do dwell,
Thy *Deity* their seu'rall *Mansions* made,
And all that *Sacred* *Senate* found full well,
That it o're them supreme dominion had,
Who found it permanent, when these did fade;
By *Nature* light, they saw a light extreme
Glance from his grace that did their glory shade,
And saw his *Image* true as in a dreame
Together with the new *Ierusalem*.

Minim in modern.

This goodly *Great*, or greatly *Good* is he,
(So good, so great, as none so great, or good)
That was, that is, and evermore shalbe,
(In each respect) without all likelihood;
Including in his threefold-single *Godhead*,
Notions, *Properties*, *Relations*,
In whom they stil, as in their *Subject* stood:
Then all *Divines* divide the *Notions*
Into five braunches or partitions.

Namely, into *Innascibility*,
Fatherhood, breathing, or *Spiration*,
Son-hood, *Procession*, these five naturally
Dependeth still by Logically relation,
Vpon the *mystery* of the *Trinity*:
All which conioynd makes but one *Unity*;
The two first solely to the *Sire* pertaines;
The third to *Sire* and *Sonne* indifferently;
The fourth the *Sonne*, within himselfe retaines
And to the *holy-spirit* the fift remaines.

Which *Notions* are *Relations* in some sence,
For *Father*, *Sonne*, doth ever presuppose;
And *Sonne* a *Father* by like consequence;
The *holy Spirit* proceeding from both those,
Impueth them, from, and with whom he goes,
The *Notion* of *Innascibility*,
Is no *Relation*, sith it doth suppose
No other person in the *Trinity*
But is a *Notion* noting *Unity*.

The two first is the *Fathers* in respect,
He onely doth beget, and doth vnite,
Spiration *Father* and the *Sonne* effects;
From is the *Holy-Ghost* excluded quite.
They breathe, and what is breathed is that *Spirit*,
But *Filiation* solely to the *Sonne*
Doth appertaine, sith only *Sonne* hee hight;
For as one *Father*, so one *Sonne* alone
The *Trinity* affords, and brookes but one.

Mirum in modum.

cession with the holy Spirit accords,
(And only with that Spirit it doth agree)
As with the other two, three other words
Agreed, and did with him quite disagree:
So this alone applied to him must be,
For if they breath'd him forth (as erst was said)
None can be sayd then to proceed but he,
Sith from the other two he is conuaine,
Yet in the other two, he still is said.

Now in another *Sence* we may transmute
These *Notions* into *Properties*. To wit,
When they doe one, and not another sure,
As father do, h the Father only fir,
The Sonne, the Sonne, and to the holy Spirit,
Procession is peculiar. And againe,
Inaccessibility we must admitt
The Father. But *Spirit* with other twaine,
Then name of *Property* it will not sustaine.

So in the *Trinity* five *Notions* are,
Foure *Properties*, and foure *Relations*,
Wherein besides are other *Secrets* rare,
Founded vpon vnsearchable foundations.
The *Sires* beginning is th' eternall *Sonne*,
(Though he be said to be the *Sonne* beginning)
Yet no beginning had these holy ones,
But from beyond *Beginnings* both haue bin
Nor can their neuer endings, euer lin.

The *Sire* and *Sonne* beginning being one,
Breath forth their blessed Spirit, a third one being,
Which by a generall creation,
Beginning gaue to all (in one agreeing)
And from eternity the same foreseeing,
The greatest *Monarch*, and the least *Infant*,
With earthly things, a quodall, or fleeing,
Whose few rall shapes, and what they should effect,
Had euer being in their *Insight*.

Mirum in modum.

et how they should there actually exist,
And by what meanes they should haue entrance there,
(Sith there eternally they did subsist)
Is hard for Man to know, who doth appeare
A Chaos of defect, and folly meere.
They entred not by meanes into his mind,
As from Ideas which without him were,
VVithout whom nothing is in any kind,
Then in him selfe, he all that all doth finde.

Yet are they not of such necessity,
As without them he could no way exist,
For they on him, not he on them rely,
Then how eternally can they consist,
Sith he alone doth only so subsist?
They are not of his Nature, but his will,
His Intellect inciting to insist,
In knowledge of what that will should fulfill,
So in that knowledge they existed still.

For as to God it is most naturall,
To know himselfe, in whome he all doth see,
Eu'n so to him, it is essentiall,
To know the kinds of all things as they be,
Or else he should not know his owne degree.
Yet his essentiall knowledge doth not stretch
Vnto particulars, as Me, and Thee,
For he may well exist without that reach,
And which his knowledge no way can impeach.

But all his Science of distinguishing things,
Floues from the freedome of his sacred will,
Drawne from those Notions which his nature brings,
And are essentiall to his nature still.
Who made (to shew his vniuersall skill)
What is created in particular,
As i'were a proofe of that he can fulfill,
When he is pleas'd to make, or mend, or marre,
Then in that skill all things distinguishing are.

Mirum in modum:

The things that were, or are, or are to come,
Makes, in his minde, no change, though chang'd they be,
Objects our mindes affect, our mindes o'recome,
But his intelligence is ever free,
Alltime, not *Passive*, sith all *All* is he,
For, as by Sense he makes vs *Arise* to learne,
And abstract-*Formes* by other meanes to see,
So he, by meanes, can see all things, discern,
Though it no way his nature doth concerne.

Who being infinite, nought is in him
That's lesse then so, but so he could not be,
If his all-seeing Eyes should be so dimme,
That now he sees, what erst he could not see,
Then sees he all from all eternitie,
The whole, the partes, the rootes, and what they beare,
The thoughts, words, deedes of men, and then must he
In Vnderstanding infinite appeare.

Who is not chang'd by *Place*, for he fills all,
Nor yet by *Time*, for he is without time,
He is not chang'd in *Forme* nor neuer shall,
Because he alwayes is an *All* in prime,
Nor chang'd by *Change*, sith he aboue doth elime,
For he all moues, and yet is mou'd of none,
He opes the Sluice through which we flowe like slime,
Which if he shuts, we cease, and quite are gone,
But he is aye one, and the same alone.

Place is conceiued as a thing created,
Or as that which includeth some thing plac'd,
In this last sence *God* is in no place seated,
Yet in the other sence no where displac'd,
So hee's no where, and each where, first and last,
In no place barr'd, but fills and bounds each place,
For being indissoluble and fast,
Hee's whole in all, and in parte, and in each case,
And without mixture doth all interlace.

For

Mirum in modum.

For as the *Obiects* which our *Mind* conceives, are mixt
Mixt not themselves together with the *Mind*,
Albeit they do the *Mind* in it them receive,
Without being mixt or clos'd in any kinde,
Eu'n so *God* all conceives, and yet doth wind
Himselfe in't all, but is conceiv'd of none,
Like as the *Sunne* (within himselfe confin'd)
Infuseth *Light* to all, yet he alone,
Is not contain'd, or mixt with any, once aid you on a signall

God which is one, yet one of three compact,
Essentiall, nor *Personall* understood,
For to create is an essentiall act,
Not personall (which cannot bee withstood)
But when by *Lord*, wee meane the same *Godhead*,
Wee take it *Personall*, not *Essentiall*,
For it's refer'd vnto the *Fatherhead*,
That did beget the *Sonne*, *God* coeternall,
And to beget, is an act personall.

Now none (I hope) can be so ignorant,
To imagine any such begetting here,
As creatures vse, for that were discrepant
To *Reason*, for we said *They* euer were,
Which temporall begetting cannot beare
Repeating then doth *Cause* and *Order* show,
Such to beget, the *Getter* did not steere,
But from him without motion, that did flow,
That was himselfe, and to himselfe did go.

Then but respectively the *Sire* and *Sonne*,
And not essentially distinguish'd bee,
As *Sole* his beames begets, yet so begunne,
That they are full as old and bright as hee,
And from them both the *Light* proceeds we see:
Which is as old and bright as *Sonne* or *Beames*,
And nothing differs but respectively?
For first the *Sonne* begate his radiant *Beames*,
Then both yeelds *Light*, and all in like extremes.

Mirror in modum.

But more *difficillie* to distinguish them,
 And to expresse their *Natures* unity,
 (If it be not impiety to name,
 To liken them to things so transitory)
 Then may we imagine from eternity,
 A Taper burnes, which doth a second light,
 Those two doe light a third, and ioyned nie,
 They shew all one, and all alike are bright,
 Which doe illustrate this darke *Secret* night.
 Which meereley is all *Essence* and excludes
 All (whatsoere) that is not of the same,
 So though his *Essence* all his works includes,
 And in his *Essence* all those works did frame,
 Yet neere his *Essence* his works never came,
 For no *Effect* is wholly like his *Cause*,
 If so it be, then what a shame, and shame
 Its for *Men*, that like *Adam*, this *Essence* drawes,
 As knowing nought about themselves like *Dawes*,
 Were *Angells* *Limmers* to delineate,
 That *All* (but that) exelling *Majesty*,
 (Sitting in chaire of *State*, surmounting *State*)
 They must, with wings display'd, defend their *Eie*,
 From being confounded with his radiance,
 Then how shall *Man* (an outcast *Eyle*) view,
 That *Glory*, or paint his *Phiquity*,
 That *Arte* it selfe, nor *Knowledge* neuer knewe,
 And *Beauty* is too base to blaze their hue.
 Put *Vacuum* foe, the cleere corps of the *Aire*,
 Ten times refin'd therein, and giue them *Sprate*,
 It will file, not fill, the least parte of that *haire*,
 Nay, all the *Heav* of *Heav* in one vyle,
 (Yea, adde to that what all tongues can recite)
 And set it in that *Sphere* will scarce appeere,
 But seeme as it were hid to nothing quite,
 For nothing can at once be eu'ry where,
 But him alone that no where hath a Peere.

Mirum in modum

Borrow from *Heaven and Earth* and what they hold,
The perfectst parts of *Beauties* excellence,
Cast these perfections in the perfectst mould:
To make his like, will be but *Impotence*,
Compar'd to *Glory* and *Omnipotence*.
Who can prescribe a forme to a formelesse *Formet*?
(Yet in that *Forme* all *Formes* have residence);
But to make all in one doth him deforme,
Then but this *O N E*, who can this All performe.

Hee's *Infinite*, put this to *Whallsoere*,
 It makes it God, sole cause of things *finite*,
 Sith infinite can nothing caused *bear*,
 For to be caus'd, is to be *define*,
 Chiefe essence must be, that's *Infinite*,
 And *One* alone, two *Infinities* exclude,
 Which *One* must needs be incorporeall quite,
 Because a *Corps* a place must needs include,
 Wherein this *Infinite* cannot be *made*.

Then to be *Infinite*, is to be free
From matter, and from matter to be quite
Is voide of *Passion*, and of *Change* to be
For *Change* hath *Passion* resident in it,
And to them both is *Motion* firmly knie
Which *Motion* tends to *Rest*, which *Rest* remains
Where *Rest* remaining resteth *Infinite*
That is in him, without whom nothing is
Subject to *Rest*, or *Motion*, *Bale*, or *Bliss*.

Though hee (his Actions to diversifie)
Takes on him parts, and passions of a *Man*,
(Stouping thereby to our capacity)
Yet none of both: in him that all things can,
Without them both: then both are in a *Man*,
To keepe our *Reasons* eye from that defect,
Which cannot apprehend where that began,
VVhich as the *Cause*, our joy or griefe effects
All which he doth t'informe our *Intellect*.

Those

Mind in a word

Those *Attributes* are borrowed from our *Kind*,
To lend our *Reason* light, that *Lights* to see
But those essentially to him assigned,
Of his owne nature and existence bee,
Namely *Ubiquity*, *Simplicity*,
Eternity, and sole *Omnipotence*,
Consorted all with perfect *Unity*,
Yet are these *Attributes* not his *essence*,
For they are diuerse, that a but one *Immence*.

Which *Essence* is the *Fount* from whence doth flow,
Each fore rehears'd *Essentiall* property,
But to that *Essence* they do not reflow,
To mix the same with their variety,
For that stands not with his simplicity,
What then? can aught be first, or last, in it?
In *Order* yea, in *Time* I deny,
For *Order* sets the *Will* behinde the *Will*,
And yet in *Time* they both together sit.

In *Order* then his *Understanding*'s set,
Before each one essentiall property,
Which is his forme, wherein he doth beget,
His coeternall *Sonne*, his *Wisdomes* eye,
Wherewith vpon himselfe he still doth prie,
Producing so a third one infinite,
Yet infinitenesse is not their *Essence*, why?
Because that must exist ere it existe,
That which confineth al, that is finite.

In *Time* they are all one, for *One* is hee,
In *Order* hee's an *Essence* ere hee's wise,
So hee's sole wise, ere infinite can bee:
Which stands with *Reasons* rules in sence precise,
And who so sees it, must haue *Reasons* eyes,
Yet is not his true *Essence* priuative,
(As that which still bereaues without supplies),
But really, and truely *Positive*,
From whom all *Positives* themselves deriue.

Mirum in modum.

Then *Wisdoms, Knowledge, and Iudgements*,
(As in their *father*), are in him alone;
VVith, and without, a proper difference
By which, as one, or diuerse, they are knowne
That's as they are consid'ed, all, or one;
And all, or any one, are in him so;
As they exist by power of their owne,
And in existence all together go,
Though in their functions parted other fro.

Now from his *Vnderstanding* flowes his *Will*,
Essentially traduced from the same;
(VVhich is the act of th' *Vnderstanding* still);
VVhence flowes his *Actions* free (as *Will*) from blame,
As from the VV (his *Will*) from whence they came.
VVhose Office is true *Good* to couetise,
Which is his *Glory* whereat it doth aime,
Which of all goods, most goodly is, and gay.
Being the *Object* of his *Will* alway.

Which *Will* is stable, and omnipotent;
Nothing can alter it, or it constraines;
How then (being changelesse) seemes hee to repent
That one hee willd, as though hee willd in vaine;
And *Prayers* seemes, and seemes not, it to straine;
VVee must distinguish heere, betwene his will
Know'n, and vnknow'n, and then the case is plaine;
That know'n hath chang'd, the vnknow'n standeth still,
Yet prayers pure, both those good wills fullfill;
Which being good, from it can come no ill.

Here is the *Gulph* that swallowes all amisse,
This is the *Hell*, that hatcheth eu'ry euill;
Our shallow, yet too deepe insight in this;
Makes *God* our foe, *Sinnes* cause, and so a *Diuill*.
O damn'd presumptuous ignorance vncuill!
Sinne, Flesh, and Blood, stay, stay, O stay, heere stay.
This point dispute not, for yee can but caully
God saues by meanes, the meanes vsd; hee doth say,
He sure will saue, who doubts, are cast away.

For to conceive what so he will, he is blind
 To any such absurdity, say,
 That though he would, he cannot change our minds,
 Nor grant our suites, though made in charity,
 Were fond, and full of damnd impiety,
 Yes opposite to both his will and word,
 Which still are good, without variety,
 But neither can they be, if they afford
 No grace to them, that with them doe accord.

Now if that *Christ* can see
 Would faine be prying (further than is fit)
 To see how this cleere doctrine can arise
 From light so darke (which Light in darke doth sit)
 Still let them prie, till they fall out with it.
 For God being constant, if vnconstant *Man*
 Would finde him other, he may lose his wit
 In search thereof: for God such Searchers ban,
 Because they would do more than Himselfe can.

Who being immateriall, cannot change,
 (For thats immutable thats matterlesse)
 No accident is to his knowledge stronger
 No object can his fixed will impresse
Angells consist of Matter more or lesse,
 Which may be chang'd, and *Passion* to endure
 So Men and *Angells* may thereby transgresse
 But God in *Essence* is passing pure,
 That all he wills and workes is passing sure.

Now from his will *Flames* forth his ardent Love,
 Which is as it were the substance of his Power,
 Which without motion, still his will doth move,
 To doe what e're his will would faine performe.
Loves office is to love, *Spirites* to conforme.
Loves object is those *Spirites* sanctity,
 For Love, the like will to the like transforme,
 Sith where there is a perfect sympathy,
 Love likes to make a perfect vntie.

Man in Modest.

If God be *Love*, how then can true *Love* hate? *Love* cannot hate
 For he loves *Good*, and hates *Ill* perfectly
 Yet *Hate* dooth seeme his goodnesse to abate
 And yet it is but the antipathie
 Of his pure nature with impurity
 Which *Grands* his Goodnesse, and augments his fancy
 For if he should not hate iniquitie,
 Which doth his *Image* true confound and shame,
 He should not love himselfe much lesse the same.

Love cannot hate, no more than *Fire* can freeze.
God cannot hate, no more than *Good* be *Ill*.
 But when his *Injustice* must *Justice* surprize,
 Hee's said to hate them, sith he them doth spilly
 Which as hee's *Mercy*, is against his will:
 But as hee's *Iust*, he dooth it willingly
 This *Will* and *Nil* his goodnesse doe fulfill,
 And both agree in perfect vinity,
 To advance the glory of his Maiesty.

He cannot hate, nor is he mov'd to wrath,
 As Men doe hate, and are to anger mov'd
 No *Passion* in the Godhead being hath,
 But those hee likes that are of him belov'd
 And those he loathes that are of him reprov'd,
 By an eternall motion of his will:
 Mouing to that which is by him approv'd,
 And ay removing from all shew of ill
 So in this *Love* and *Hate*, hee's constant still.

Which *Hate* is no lesse Great, than He is *Good*,
 Thats infinite, for nought in him is lesse
 Wert in him, as in vs, a passivue moode,
 He were not God, for God is *Passivelesse*
 He is an *Active Spirit*, motionlesse
 Seeing all at once, *Past*, *Present*, and to *Come*,
 Without succession, seeing all successlesse
 Then sith at once, hee seeth all and some,
 No chaunce with *Passion* can his *Spirit* overcome.

Who

Mirum in modum

Who in their causes, and essentiall formes,
Knowes all that was, or is, or e're shall be.
Then no Intelligence his *Acquaintance* informs
Of that he knowes not, sith he doth foresee,
Eu'n all that *All*, beyond eternitie.
For he beyond beginnings did exist.
Existing so, he sawe in each degree,
What should beginne, and end, or still consist,
Which in *Practiſe* infinite he wiſt.

Could he beginne, *Beginnings* that began
If so hee could, what is beginning lesse
Or *Time*, or *Nothing*. That's vntue, for than,
If there were *Time*, it was not motionlesse
For *Time* is made by *Motion*, all confesse.
But where there nothing is, no *Motion* is,
For *Nothing* hath no motion, and much lesse
Can *Nothing* make of nothing, *Something*. This
Some-thing sometime, of nothing made, all his.

God euer was, and neuer was not God,
Not made by *Nothing*, nothing could him make
Could nothing make, and not make of this is oddley
And so it be, that could creation take
Of *Nothing*, for all yet, whenas he spake
Nothing was made, that was not made by it
Then nothing was that could it undertake,
To make its Maker, what had powre or wit,
Not him that can doe all, that he thinks fit.

Time is but a *Moments* flux, and measured,
By distance of two *Instants* (this we prone)
Which then commenc'd (it selfe considered)
When first the Orbs of *Heav'n* began to moue.
That's but fixe thousand yeeres, not much about.
But whats so many yeeres, as may be cast,
In thrice as many *Agēs*, to remoue
Eternitie, from being fixed fast
And God therein, from being *First* and *Last*.

Martin in Modum

He is eternall, what is so, he
 So is no creature, for it once was made,
 Then ere it could be made, it could not be
 But the *Creator* ever beeing had,
 To pull out from *Not-beings* who can wade
 (Beeing a *Depth* so infinite profound)
 Put he that was, and is, and cannot fade
 This *Beeing* infinite, this *Depth* must sound
 To lift vp all to *Beeing*, there beeing dround

Eternity and *Time* are opposite,
 For *Time* no more can bound *Eternity*,
 Then *Finite* can inuiron *Infinite*,
 Both of both which haue such repugnancy,
 As nere can stand with *God*, true *Unity*,
Eternity is then produc'd from hence,
 By ibyning of his sole *Infinite*,
 With his essentiall intelligence,
 And all the *Attributes* proceeds from thence

If then *Eternity* doth bound this *One*,
 (Or rather he bounds all *Eternity*),
 How could he *Be*? or beeing all alone,
 How could he worke (that worke vncessantly)
 (For hee's all *All*, that acts continually)
 Hauing no subject whereupon to worke,
 And beeing without his *Creatures* utterly,
 It seemes he must in *Desolation* lurke,
 Which must of force an active nature like

Or how could he extend his goodnesse, when
 None could receiue it? (if none *Beeing* were,
 What honor could he haue, there beeing then
 No one to honor him, or him to feare)
 Or what (in loue) if hee his children deere,
 Had made t'exist from all eternity,
 As to eternity th'are made t'appere?
 What inconuenience could ensue thereby?
 Yes very great, and made the reason why.

Myrrour in modum.

He is an *Essence* free, not bound to ought,
Who can and doth exist in boundlesse blisse;
Although besides himselfe, that there were nought;
For he of greatest glory cannot misse,
Sith that eternally all glori is his;
But should the *Creature* eternall be,
His glory would be much eclip't by this,
For were th' eternall too, aswell as he,
They would be gods as great in each degree.

Then nought he needes to giue him laude, or loue,
Or subiect for his worke, though nought there were,
For ere nought was, he did not worke or moue,
Yet idle was not, for his *Spirit* did steere
In contemplation of his *Essence* cleere
So himselfe, to himselfe, was *Will* of *Itselfe*,
And in himselfe, did *Glory* in selfe appeare,
Which to himselfe, himselfe did aye renewe,
So pleas'd himselfe, with what himselfe did see.

Suppose no man but one were on the *Earth*,
And none but *Vermine* vile did him attend,
What honour could they yeeld? What toy or mirth?
Could they afforde, that rather doe offends
Such, and no more doe men their *Makes* lend,
Who were made changeable by changelesse will,
So chang'd they are, and to the worse they tend,
Who in respect of him continue still,
Worse then vile *Vermin*, though they were more ill.

Who for his goodnesse is the *God* of grace,
And for his glory is the *Lord* of *Light*,
Whose glorious greatnesse filleth eu'ry place,
(For no place is exempted from his *Spirit*)
And by it all that he compasseth quine,
As the least *Point*, is by the *Heavens* clere,
And nothing is so solid, as hath might,
To keepe him out, as he can *Fire* or *Fire*,
But he is all in all, and pure in all.

Mirum in modum.

Hee's not in *Temples* made with mortall hands,
Nor those which his immortal hands haue made,
Nor in himselfe as *Man*, for *Fleshes* bands,
Can hardly hold the least glimpse of his *Shade*,
Much lesse his *Substance*, which e're biding had,
No more in one, then in an other place:
And though with *Flesh* it seemeth to be clad,
Yet dwells he in it but by pow'r and grace,
And so he dwells in all he doth embrace.

He dwells in *Heau'n* of *Heau'n*s by his *Glory*,
(For there that matchlesse *Glory* glitters most)
He is in *Hell*, and each place transitory,
By presence of his *Spirits* (the holy *Ghost*)
He dwells in *Christ*, but how, O *Christ* thou knowst,
For as the *Soule* and *Body* makes one *Man*,
So *God* and *Man*, one *Christ* do make thou showst,
Yet the coherence neither may nor can,
The difference abrogate, since *Christ* began.

Whose natures from confusion are as free,
As from distraction they are cleerely quit,
Which though connect, confounded may not be,
Much lesse distracted, both in one being knit,
But how conioyn'd, surmounts the reach of *Wit*,
For in *Christ*s body, bodily doth dwell,
The fulnesse of the *Godhead*, most vnfit,
To be contained in *Heau'n*, *Earth*, or *Hell*,
His greatnesse, doth the greatnesse so excell.

Then *Contemplation* stay, here make a pause,
Surre not too fast, about vncompassi things,
Though thou canst compass *Heau'n* and *Earth*, because
Thou art the *Image* of this King of Kings,
Yet this flight is too faire, for thy dipt wings,
The *Trinity*, in *Earth* is a wonder,
Surmounting wonders, which art thou dost bring,
Yet lesse (if more may be) that *God* vnclad
Fraile flesh, and so contain'd, *God* cannot funder.

Which

Mirum in modum.

Which two-fold nature, oft cooperates,
And euer more associates each other,
But neuer mutually participates
Each others properties, as mixt together,
For what one hath, the selfe same hath not either;
But in their kindes are diuerse, yet but one,
That's one of two, or two in one much rather,
Which mystery to *God* is onely knowne,
But not as he is *Man* the same is showne.

To whom yet nerethelesse all pow'r is giu'n,
In whom as in its proper place it bides,
By which he ruleth in *Earth*, *Hell*, and *Heau'n*,
And were there some thing else, the same besides,
Which powre beeing infinite, with it he guides,
Each finite thing vnto its proper end,
In which omnipotence, such force resides,
As were he willing he the *Heau'n* could bend,
Belowe base *Hell*, and make it *Heau'n* transcend.

Which peerelesse powre, though nothing can oppugne,
Yet doth it selfe, it selfe still so restraints,
As that it selfe, cannot it selfe impugne,
For what it bindes, it cannot loose againe,
At selfe same times, for then that powre were vaine,
As beeing repugnant to it selfe, and so,
No order should that rulelesse powre containe,
And then it selfe, it selfe would ouerthro,
And with it selfe, all things to wrack should go.

He cannot make *Man* free, and bond at once,
Nor giue him *Will*, and wrest it how he will,
He cannot hold in hate his *Holy ones*,
Nor in his loue (much lesse) embrace the ill,
He cannot change himselfe, beeing changelesse still,
Such things he cannot do, not through defect,
Of powre what need (if please him) to fulfill,
But of his powre this is a strong effect,
That can do all, but that it should reject.

Mirum in modum

Who being evermore a compleate *Alles*,
In highest degree of diuine excellence,
He neede not chafe *Perfection* by the tract,
For in himselfe, *It selfe* hath residence:
Then motion hath he none by consequence,
For that must firmly stand, wherein all moues;
Who is both *Center* and *Circumference*
Of *Motions* motion; for it him behoues,
To giue all rest which he moues or remoues.

He cannot moue but to himselfe alone,
Because alone, at once hee's eu'ry where,
And all that is, is only in this *ONE*,
Then vnto what? or whither should he steere?
Sith all's in him, that shalbe, is, or were.
For mou'd he, *Motion* should not tend to *Rest*,
But *Motion*, should to *Motion*, tend for ere;
So *Time* in bootelesse turnes should be at best,
When it should draw most neere, to most vnrest.

He is that *ONE* in whom each one doth moue,
He moues each one, that all in him should rest,
For whatso'e're from him doth most remoue,
It findes and feeles thereby the most vnrest:
Yet from himselfe, nothing himselfe can wrest.
Who being *One*, though one in trinity,
Consisting of him selfe he hath adrest,
From himselfe all this *All* diversity,
To moue to rest in his true vnity.

As in a Quire of well tun'd voyced Men,
When the first man hath giu'n the first accent,
There doth ensue a noise melodious then
Of all the voyces, ioyn'd in one consent:
So *God* by powre, super-omniualent,
Giuing first motion, to the highest Sphere,
(Being first *Mouer*) then incontinent,
All lower Bodies orderly did steere,
As by their present motion doth appeare.

Looke

Mirrors in modern.

Looke on the *World*, and what it doth comprize,
And *Sence* shall see, all moving vnto one,
The *Elementes*, and ten-fold orb'd *Skies*,
(In motion diuerse tend to one alone,
And make one *World*, through their conjunction:
The *Sea* ingirts the *Earth*; Th *Aire* boundeth both,
Being compas'd with the *Fire* region,
The *Coupe* of *Heau'n*, doth seeme them all to cloth,
Who arme in arme vnto an *Vniou* goth.

The *Sea* through vaines and Arteries of the *Earth*,
Creeps through her *Corpes*, to fix her drougthy dust:
That done, it springs aloft, as t'were in mirth,
For that it hath perform'd what needs it must,
And then returns with windings most vniust,
Iust to it selfe, which vndeuided is,
So many members makes one *Body* iust,
And many ioyes compleates one perfect blisse,
Which blisse is onely *One*, and none but his.

From one selfe *Earth*, all earthly things proceede,
To which selfe *Earth*, those earthly things retires,
One silly drop of slime man-kinde doth breed,
In which one kinde are manifold desires,
Which nerthelesse one *Good* alone requires,
All numbers do consist of many *Ones*,
And eu'ry one to only *One* aspires,
Which *One* those seu'rall vnities attones,
So *ONE* above all ones, him selfe enthrones.

All parts of *Man* with mutuall respect,
Discharge their functions, to preserve the whole,
The like in common-weales the parts effect,
The like the faculties do in the *Soule*,
And but one truth is taught in eu'ry *Schoole*:
The parts of speech, tends but to perfect speech,
The end whereof is *Error* to controule,
And shew one truth, which onely one doth teach,
That by one truth, rules all within his reach.

Minim in modum

Where *Vnitie* is lost, *Confusion* is found,
Where *Vnitie* is found, theres nothing lost.
The noblest creatures, neede the vil it on ground,
The vil it are seru'd by the honor'd most,
And which is more, the very heau'nly hoast
Doth serue the basest creatures voide of sense,
Yet ouer-rules them, in each Clime and Coast.
So one to other, haue such reference,
As they in *Vnion* haue their residence.

Arithmetike from *Vnity* proceeds,
Eu'n as from *Punctum* flowes *Geometry*,
Musike the symphony of sounds succeeds,
And *Architecture* *Vniformitie*.
Perspectiue at one poynt, lookes diuersly,
Physicke doth ayme at health, and thats no more
But *Humors* well-consorted vnite.
The *Lawe* lookes at one *Right*, whose onely lore,
Is to conioyne, that *Wrong* vnioyn'd before.

Good gouernement brings many *Families*
Vnder obedience to one *Maiestrate*:
And many *Seruants*, *Daughters*, *Sonnes*, *Alies*,
Vnder a houlholde petty *Potentate*:
And many *Passions*, in one *Minde* at hate,
It reconciles, to *Reasons* onely rules:
And many peace-infringers in a *State*,
The *Rod of Discipline* doth ouer-rule,
And makes them *One*, that maketh all mis-rule.

Which vnion of so many *Parties*,
And which diuersities in *Vnion*,
Implies there is but *ONE*, all onely wise,
Who through his *Wisdoms*, made them eu'ry one.
To whome all landes diuine, belongs alone.
Pluralitie of *Gods* who then defends,
Must be the author of *Confusion*,
For many *Gods* he makes, for many ends,
Which to *Distraction* and *Confusion* tends.

Minuti in modum.

Can all things, *Thicke and Thinne, Heane and Light,*
Hot, Cold; Moyst, Dry, Great, Small, or Quicke, or Dead,
That doe appeare, or not appeare to sight,
Be held in one, without some *One*, their Head?
Shall these in one, to vs alone be lead,
And we misse-led, to many Gods from one?
Who in these *Capitalls*, may plaine be read
To be the *God of Gods*, yea *God alone!*
If so we should, our wittes were not our owne.

But with what words can I their blame bewray,
That mangle all that euer can be saide,
To proue this *God* will althath *All* game say,
And flat affirme, and speake as well payde,
There is no God. Whole words (if they be waide)
Do make them worse than *Fiends*, for they confesse
There is a *God*, of whome they are afraide.
O *Frendes* of *Fiends*, I cannot call you lesse,
But more, much more, sith ye much more transgresse.

Omitting many reasons which they bring,
(Reasons? O no, but diu'lish blasphemies)
To proue no *God*, nor any such like thing
They say, That *Man* is ill, no man denies
If then *God* made him, he made *ill* likewise.
If he made *ill*, then cannot he be good.
And if not good, not *God* in any wise,
For *God* is the *Fount*, and Goodnesse is the flood,
Thus vrge they this vnlkely likelihood.

Know *Diu'lls* incarnate *Antichristes*,
To make and marre are two repugnant things,
To make, implies *Natures*, or *Substances*,
Both which are good; and from *Gods* goodnesse spring.
ill is none of both, for into both it clings,
No otherwise then Rust to Silver cleaves.
Which is the accident *Prination* brings
That Good of goodnesse casually becaues,
And so the Good the *ill* (vntoade) receaues.

Which

Mirum in modum

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Who in these *Capitalls*, may plaine be read
To be the *God of Gods*, yea *God alone?*
If so we should, our wittes wce not our owne.

But with what words can I their blame bewray,
That maugre all that euer can be saide,
To proue this *God*, will all that *All* game say,
And flat affirme, and speake as well paide,
There is no God. Whole words (if they be waide)
Do make them worse than *Fiends*, for they confesse
There is a *God*, of whome they are afraide.
O *Fiendes* of *Fiends*, I cannot call you lesse,
More, much more, sith ye much more transgresse.

many reasons which they bring,
O no, but diu'llish blasphemies)
no *God*, nor any such like thing
That *Man* is ill, no *man* denies
God made him, he made *Unlikewise*.
If *God*, then cannot he be good.
not good, not *God* in any wise,
the *Fount*, and Goodnesse is the flood,
urge they this vnlkely likelihoode.

Know *Diu'lls* incarnate *Antidities*,
To make and marre are two repugnant things,
To make, implies *Natures*, or *Substances*.
Both which are good; and from *Gods* goodnesse springs.
Ill: none of both, for vnto both it clings,
No otherwise then *Rust* to *Silver* cleaves.
Which is the accident *Primatiu* brings
That *Good* of goodnesse casuall be comes,
And so the *Good* the *Ill* (vnto) receives.

Which

Minim in modum.

Which of it selfe, consists not, nor consists
 In aught that nought is, but in *Good* alone;
 Its no Effect, but Defect, which resists
 The good of Goodnes by corruption,
 It is not made therefore by any one,
 For were it made, by *Sinne* it must be made:
 And *Sinne* is nothing but priuation,
 Which in it's nature doth to nothing fade,
 So, *Enill* of it selfe, is still vnmade.

For *All* being but a meere defect of *Good*,
 It followes then, its but a meere *Defect*,
 Which is no more, but a meere *Nihilhood*,
 For *Want* can be no more, in no respect,
 And not to *Be*, is nothing in effect.
 Then *Nothing* being but a *Negative*,
 (How ere it *goodnesse*, may (perhappes) infect)
 Produceth *Nothing*, being the *Priuation*,
 Which *Nought* makes good, this my affirmatiue.

Wherefore in that things *Be*, of *God* they be,
 And that they faile, they faile, sith *Nought* they were:
 For *All* of nothing, *Good* created hee,
 Which *All* to nothing of themselves do weare,
 Then *Good* they are, in that they truly are,
 And *All* they be, sith *Being* they haue none,
Good on his part, that made them so appeare,
 And *All* because they al to nothing rone,
 Then he is good, of whom they *Are* alone.

Yee *Soule*-confounding, selfe-confounding *Soules*,
 Can yee not see, because yee will not see,
 How all the *Orbes* of *Heaue* in order roule,
 Which cannot moue, vnlesse they moued be:
 By some first mouer, sith *vanou'd* is hee,
 For nothing moues, but it another moues,
 So *Motion* from degree vnto degree,
 Doth mount to that, that moues it and approues,
 The same for *God*, as it the same behoues.

VVhat

Mirum in modum.

What moues yee then, yee *Monsters* in *Mens* shapes,
To moue such questions which assoile yee can
By that selfe motion? For such willfull scapes
Moues from the *Fend*, to him, to moue fraile man.
Your conscience tells yee so (which looketh wan,
With bleeding still, your selues still wounding it)
If *Diuills* Be, *God* is, assure ye than,
And I presume, your diu lish searching witt,
Findes out *God* by the *Diu'll*, though most vnfit.

VVhat's vnder *Heau'n*, but *God* aboute doth prescht
Saue *Hell* it selfe, which in you yee retaine,
And yet the very *Hell*, a *Heau'n* doth teach,
VVhich is not voide, for then it were in vaine.
But hee there dwells, that doth the same sustaine.
Thou great wise man, why lett'st thy braines to beate,
On things vnworthy of thy beaten braine?
For all thou think'st on, is, how to defeate,
Thy selfe of *God*, and himselfe of a Seate.

VVhat humane *hart* of temper is so hard,
That yeelds not to th' impression of *God*s forme?
From whence can his *Vbiquitie* be barr'd,
That what hee will, doth eu'ry where performe?
Then can the hart of *Man*, a forcelesse worme,
Keepe out that *God* that nothing can with-stand?
No, no, perforce hee must himselfe enforme,
There is a *God* by whose almighty hand
All things were made, and all things doth commaund.

What ist that hang'd the *Earth* within the *Air*?
Yet hang'd it so, that it is fixed fast?
VVhat made the *Gulfe*, where waters all repaire?
VVhose foaming fury makes the *Earth* agast,
Lest it in rage, the same should ouer-cast.
Yet is it barrd, with flatt fraile sandy bounds,
What powre could make such weake barres so to brast?
The banded *Billowes* which on them rebounds,
But *Pow'r*, whose praise both *Land* and *Sea* resounds:
I Who

Mirum in modum.

Who peopled that wide watry *World* with store,
Of scaly creatures, which there wandring are;
Resembling all that liue on *Earth* and more,
More supereminent, and much more rare;
The *Whale* (amongst the rest) doth make this cleare,
Which beeing the simplest *Master-piece* of *Nature*,
VVith thundring voice, doth amply declare,
There's some high *Hand*, that gaue him his huge stature,
And *Nature* did direct, to frame his feature.

For eu'ry thing that *Nature* doth produce,
(As by experience is most euident)
She doth direct vnto some end and vse,
Then what directeth that hir regiment,
But some one *Thing* much more preheminent?
For she is finite in hir *Acts* and powre,
But so is not that *Powre* omnipotent,
That *Nature* subordain'd, chiefe *Gouernour*,
Offading *Creatures* while they do endure.

For that all worldly things do end we see,
It doth inferre the *World* beginning had,
Then if this *World* began, how could it *Bee*,
VVithout a cause *Efficient* had it made,
To say it made it selfe, when t'was vnmade,
Doth *Nature*, *Reason*, and common *Sence* impugne,
To say a part the whole made, were more inad,
Can part e're to the whole it doth belong,
Create the whole? this wholly is more wrong.

Weigh all the *World* in *Ballance* of the *Minds*,
And all the world will make thee *God* to way,
Looke in thy little *World*, and thou shalt finde,
That great, great, great, three greates in one alway,
Which *G R E A T* in thy least parts doth wholly stay,
His rare existence to thee to reueale,
That beeing felt (as t'were) thou shouldst bewray,
Vnto his praise what thou dost see and feeke,
And not in sullen silence it conceale.

There

Mirum in modum.

There dost thou finde, the *World* epitomiz'd,
A corps for motion meete, of diuerse kindes,
A diuine Soule wherewith its all suffiz'd,
Which vnremou'd, the Body turnes and windes:
And powres to eu'ry part, with powre assignes,
Thy corps a copy of this copious Masse,
Thy Soule his *Image* that no *Image* findes
Like him but it, that able is to passe,
Through Hea'n and Earth, yet stay still where it was.

For as we hold there's but one God alone,
But yet three persons in the *Deity*:
So the *Soule's* parted (though in substance one)
In't *Vnderstanding*, *Will*, and *Memory*,
These *Powres* or *Persons* makes one *Trinity*,
Yet but one *Substance* indiuisible,
Which perfect *Trinity* in *Unity*,
(Both beeing *Spiritual* and inuisible)
Doe make the Soule, hir God so right resemble.

And like as one true God in persons three,
Doth rightly rule this great *Worlds Monarchy*,
So in Mans little World these *Virtues* bee,
But one Soule ruling it continually,
Yet in this lesser *World*, as wel we try,
Be sundry sorts of people some there are
That be as heads, Some Rulers not so lie,
Some common *Citizens*, and some lesse rare,
Those *Ruralls* bee, that still are out of square.

The Heads are those aboue recited three,
The vnder Rulers *Thoughts*, and *Fancies* are,
The *Citizens* the outward *Sences* bee,
The *Ruralls* be the *Bodies* rare,
(Which often make the *Soule* most poore and bare)
For when these *Risse-rasses* in commotion rise,
And all will haue their will, or nought will spare,
The *Soule* (poore *Soule*) they then in rage surprize,
And rob hir of hir wealth, and blinde hir of hir eyes.

Mirum in modum.

Then let *Iehouah* thunder from on high,
And in the Soule aduance his glorious voice,
The *Understanding, Will and Memory*
Then cannot heare it for the other noise:
As when a king speakes to his captaines choise,
Though nere so neere, if th' Army make a shoute,
They heare him not, though his speech high he hoise:
So God may speake, but we as good be mute,
For hee's not heard, when *Passions* doe dispute.

But when those traittous *Tirants* are suppress't,
Then like as *Moses* did ascend the *Hill*,
And left the *Israelites* below in rest;
To commune with his God and know his will,
So the *Soules Senses* may the like fulfill.
Who then may *Contemplations* Mountaine scale,
To talke with God, the *Passions* being still,
And left below in *Meeknesse* humble vale,
Where they are cool'd with many temprate gale.

Loe thus the Soule hath the similitude
Of God, and of the World; of God, because
He with his *Attributes* hath hir endu'd;
And of the world, sith that so neere shee drawes,
To be, and not to be, contain'd by lawes.
Of God in point of gouernment shee's like,
And of the World, sith she doth seldome pause:
Against hir gouernment (though iust) to like,
For which hir selfe, hir selfe doth oft mislike.

But what a needelesse paine is it to prone,
The Sunne (that lighteth each Eye) to be light?
When none endu'd with *Sence*, a doubt will moue,
Of that which doubtlesse is so passing bright:
That eu'n the blinde perceiues it without sight.
Then much more needlesse is this prooue of mine,
Sith *Wrong* it selfe, must needs know God aright;
And *Powres* of *Darkenesse* sees this *Powre* diuine,
Much more must Men whose Eyes are christaline.

What

Mirum in modum.

What shall I say? looke thou with all thine Eyes
Scene or vnscene, on things vnscene, or scene;
Eyther aboue, or vnderneath the Skyes:
What canst thou see, in which God is vnscene?
Sith hee's much more then all in all, I meane
He all, and much more, able is to fill
Without an adiunct, or a second meane,
Eu'n by the only motion of his will,
Which can doe all, and yet can doe no ill.

What makes the hugest, and the strongest things
Obedient to the things most small and weake?
Will strong things be the weaker vnderlings
Off selfe accord: sith all things freedome seeke,
Without some mightier will, their will to breake?
The smallest *Ante*, whose strength is but *Desert*,
Hath more preeminence, and virtue eake,
Then the Earthes totall Globe, in each respect,
Then *Powre* in weaknesse show'n, workes this effect.

And naturally *Contraries* spill each other,
Then how can *Nature* (these *Diu's God*) compound,
The disagreeing *Elements* together:
But that (hee must) those *Elements* confound?
In *Nature* no such force was ever found.
Then must some *Power* supernaturall,
Giue to each *Element* his utmost bound,
That though they swarue in *Nature*, yet they shall
In one agree, through *One* vniing *All*.

The *Sunne* doth warme the cold wombe of the *Earth*,
The *Moon* and *Starrs*, hir reasons doth assigne,
The *Aire*, and *Water* bringeth forth hir birth,
Which serueth *Beasts*, and *Beasts* serue *Men* in fines
If from *Eternity* these things thus were,
How could they to them selues an end designe?
Seeing the ende for which things formed are,
Before the things themselves, must needs appeare.

Mirum in Modum.

And in our selues we finde and feele a Minde,
That can at once a thousand *Worlides* containe;
Which needes must be of a celestiaall kinde:
Then can we thinke no Minde doth else remaine,
When to our *Mindes* that Mind appeereth plaine
For we can nothing minde, or good, or bad,
But it directs our *Mindes*, with might and maine
Vnto a *Minde* that ne're beginning had,
By whome in our beginning ours were made.

If not from thence, from whence was our beginning?
Did we beginne our selues, that once began?
For that must needes begin, that needes hath ending:
And runne we vp Mans race, from *Man* to *Man*,
A first we finde from whome all others ranne.
For could we make our selues, why make we not
Such as our selues are, where we list, and want?
Why hath a wife man, to his Sonne a Sotter,
But that he cannot make his Sonne, God wot.

Man cannot make a Moath, much lesse a *Man*.
For as no hand but his, that *Man* did make
Could make an *Angell*, so no other can
Make the least haire, or make it white, or blacke.
If not a haire, nor colour if it lacke,
Can *Man* create, how make himselfe can he?
No, no, he cannot that Taske vndertake,
For through his ignorance he needes must see,
His blessed *Being* that made him to *Be*.

Because we see him not: (not as he is)
But by effects which from him doe proceede.
Shall we deny his being, or his blisse,
And so subuert the fore-front of our *Credet*?
Then raze we *Reason* and *Conscience* by that deede.
Were we endungeon'd from our birth, yet wee
Would weene there were a Sunne, whose beames are shed,
Through chyncks on vs, though him we could not see;
Then shall we question, if a *God* there be?

And

Mirum in modum.

And shall wee question make if God there be,
When through *Sun, Moone, and Stars*, and all below them,
He darts his *Glories* beames for vs to see,
And yett shall we not see them, though he shew them?
But wincke (wincke hard) because we wil not know them?
For should we thinke nought is, which we see not,
We should not thinke we had eies, though we owe them.
For though with them we see, yet well we wot,
We see them not themselves, though free from blot.

Much lesse they see the Soule, by which they see,
Yet *Reason* perswadeth *Sense*, there is a Soule,
From whom the *Sense*; powres deriued bee,
Yett shall our *Sense*, our *Reason* so controule,
To make it to maintaine this error foule,
That *God is not*, without whome nothing *Is*.
For all that *Is*, is but as t were a Scroule,
Wherein in letters plaine, that none can misse,
God is enroulede, about all *Deities*.

But some there are, (ah woe that such there are,)
That do confesse, (perforce they do confesse,)
There is a G O D; yett hold hee hath no care,
Of worldly things; but raignes in blessednesse,
And of the *World* makes *Fortune* gouernesse.
These *Dimitts* are more dampned then the rest,
Sith they confessing *God*, make more transgresse,
For if a *Providence* bee not confest,
Who will not liue to liue as hee thinks best.

These fooles confessing *God* doe *God* deny,
Whom to confesse, without his *Attributes*,
Doth to that fond confession giue the ly,
Because it selfe, against it selfe disputes;
And to their shame, it selfe, it selfe confutes,
For aske a *Sauage*, if a *God* hee holdes,
Why so he weenes? he straight his reasons sutes,
From *Order* drawne which hee in all beholdes,
Which hee beleeues, some ord'ning *Pow'r* vpholdes.

By

Mirum in Modum

By nought so much as by his providence,
Is God discern'd; which all must needs discern,
That hath a humane Soule, and common sense;
For common sense, the outward 'st sense interne,
At the first sight that *principle* doth learne:
For if through the *effects* we see their *cause*,
Then may we plainly see, whose *Nature's* Sterne,
By that *Decorum* wee see in hir lawes,
Namely this *Powre*, that *Laud* and *Ocean* awes.

Who if he carelesse were of wordly things,
It is for want of powre, or want of will;
If want of powre, his powre in bounds it brings:
If want of will, his goodnesse it doth spill,
For of his works to haue no care is ill.
But if thou *God* confesse, confesse thou dost,
That he is good, and most almightie still,
If so he be, then needs confesse thou must,
That he is provident, or most vniust.

For *Providence* being but a wise conuay,
Of things created to some certaine end;
And that no humane soule hir powres imploy,
Ought to effect, but doth the same intend;
Then shall we say, he to whom all doth tend
VWhen he made all, meant not they should doe so,
As if against his will to him they bend,
So spill his wills and spoile his wisdome to?
If not, then must we say, *God* all must do.

For as his will had pow're, the *World* to make,
So had his wisdome might to sway the same,
For *Wisdome* infinite cannot mistake;
But as it deemeth, so will all things frame,
And in lesse power, neuer loose thame:
For as he made the whole, the parts he made,
And if the whole he cares for, sure I am
The parts he cares for, (though they seeme to fade)
Which sense and common reason doth perswade.

Mirum in modum.

Nature (we well perceiue) makes nought in vaine
And thou mak'st nought, but to some end or vie.
Thou ween'st thou meritts praise for that thy paine,
(As sure thou dost) and think'st thou dost misse vie,
In making v'selesse things thy wits and Muse,
Dart'st *God* because of what returns thee praise?
And giue him that in thee thou deem'st abuse,
O Men! O Manners! O most damned Dayes!
What Tongue or Pen can paint your iust dispraise.

Alphonse, the tenth that *Spain* did signorize,
(The maine objection gainst all *Providence*)
Said, (O that such a *Shame* from *Kings* should rise!)
Had he bin with *God*, when things did commence,
They should haue better bin, in their essence,
This *Foole*, the *Only* wife would needs direct,
But for his paine, *Paine* was his recompence,
Who for he would surmount *God* in effect,
This *Lucifer* to Earthes Hell was direct.

Because such
a Monster
should ever
breake.

Phereides the damn'd *Affrigan*,
For scorning *God*, and *Providence* out right,
Lies him consum'd, for on him so they ran,
That he for shame abandoned all mens sight,
And desolately died in wretched plight.
So *Lucian* that from the *Faire* did slide,
(In *Traians* time) became an *Artist* quight,
And did both *God* and *Providence* deride,
For which in peeces torne by dogs, he died.

Vpon the *Statue* of *Sennacherib*,
Engrauen was, *Exalta* by me *God* to feare,
Who for this monster, as *Hem*'s *God* did giue,
Was slaine b' *Adramellech*, and *Sharezer*,
The wicked Sonnes of this more wicked Sire.
And so th' *apostate* damn'd *Indian*,
Of plagues for such contempts can witnesse beare,
Whose bloud whilst from his hart amaine it ran,
Cryed, thou hast overcome, O *Galilee*!

Mirum in modum.

Iustinian, whom *Pelagius* ill did schoole,
For holding but that onely heresie,
Was quite of *Sences* bereft, and made a foole,
And in one day was well ill, and did die
So ended in a day, his life, and folly.
But should I scite, the Iudgements (as I might)
That haue bin powr'd on such impiety,
It would be tedious, and with horror dight,
The hardiest hearer it would fore affright.

Pirrhon, *Phararchus* Sonne, would not believe,
What his Eyes, Eares, Nose, Tongue, and hands did know,
His *Sences* he imagin'd might deceiue,
And therefore did conclude, they still did so:
So *God*, and *Providence* deniers do;
Who though their *Sences* outward and interne,
The being of them both do plainly sho,
Yet they will not believe what they discern,
Though ne're so neere it do their *Soules* concerne.

But bring we their best reasons to the *Scales*
Of *Iudgements*, and well weigh the same therein,
If there were *Providence*, say these wise fooles,
Why should not vselesse things which made haue bin
To comber *Man*, cease, or to ruine rin?
Whereto serues *Roches*, and *Seas*, and *Dales*, and *Hills*,
Desertes, wild *Beastes*? by such, what do we win?
Which burdens but the *Earth* with harmefull *Ills*,
That *Men* annoy, and oft destroy and kill.

Why are the virtuous plagu'd, the vicious pleas'd?
And twixt all creatures, why is here such strife?
Yea, why hath *Sinne* vpon all mankind seas'd?
And why do such leade here a dying life
Where goodnesse is most rare, and euill rise?
Can *Providence* remaine where these consist?
As well may concord rest twixt *Man*, and *Wife*,
That still are tongue to tongue, and fist to fist,
As *Providence* appeere, where these exist.

Mirum in modum.

With *Reason*, leauing no place for reply,
These questions oft haue bin replide vnto:
Then in a word, thou canst not this deny,
But in an *Artists* worke thou canst not do,
Are things made to some end, thou dost not kno.
Yet blame st thou not the worke-man but thy *Wits*
Then, wilt thou not to *God* like fauour shio,
But censure things he makes, as most vnfit,
VVhen thou want st reason, but to ayme at it?

For he is *Reason* in selfe, we *Reasons* are,
VVhich merethelss had *Reason* for our guide,
VVhich *Guide* plaid least in sight, ere we were ware,
And almost quite forsooke vs for our pride,
That now in vs, it's scarce scene to abide.
But should we see with *Reasons* open Eyes,
The secrets which in *Wisdomes* brest reside,
VVe should be *Gods*; at least should be as wise,
For we with *God* should all that is, comprise.

But sith fooles follies must be answered,
Lest they do weene them wiser then they bee,
In few, too few of their obiections bred,
In their best braines, (that with the worst agree)
VVee'l shape (as beeing bound) them answer free,
Had it not bin, (saist thou lewde *Libertine*)
Meeter that *Adam* should ne're *Corruption* see,
Then to the same (made as he is) incline,
And so impeach the *Providence* diuine?

VVhie dost not rather aske, why *Adam* is *Adam*?
And not an *Angell*, rather then a clod?
Mans *Minde* immortall is, and reason can,
And were he all vnchang'd, he were a *God*.
God stedfast stands, but his works needs must nod,
Mans not created, here still to remaine,
But to his Maker he is made to plod
Through thick and thin, and cannot rest attaine,
Till in his *God* alone, he it obtaine.

Mirtum in modum.

How can there be (sith thou) such providence,
Sith God made *Man* to serue him as his end?
Then how could *Man* preuent Gods purpose since,
And fall from that his Maker did intend,
Without his God should thereto condescend?
Or if not so, then tis a consequent,
What did eusue, God could not comprehend,
Or if he could, he could it not preuent,
And so not God, if God, not proudient.

Nor *Grace*, nor *Powre*, nor *Wisdome* did he want,
Thisto preuent, but he it did permit,
(Not that his providence therein was scant,
But to make man more cling to him by it,
What providence can better God besit,
Then *ill* to turne vnto a greater Good,
For had we still bin staid, we had not flit,
Then would we weene, that of our selues we stood,
And thinke our selues Gods peeres in constant moode.

For what procur'd *Man* fall, but peerelesse pride,
Which was, that he would needs be without peere,
And as a God, without his GOD abides,
So God to make himselfe, sole GOD Dappetere,
Made man to see, he could not stand or steere
Without his God, that seeing he could not stand, baid
But by his ayde, he should to him drawe neere,
Inuoking humbly, his all-helping hand,
And binde himselfe, to him in louing band.

For we with ghostly pride are oft inflate,
And beeing so, God suffers to fall,
With *Will* and *Will*, for which our selues we hate,
And ay are vexed at the very Gall,
That we to sinne should so our selues enthrall,
So *Sinne* it selfe, serues for a Sestinel,
To keepe vs from it, sith no sorrow small,
It threatens to hir *Slauer*, then O how well
Ought we to speake of God, and his counsell!

Mann in modum.

Of whom our *Mansions*, and our *Allies* are,
But their disorder from our selues proceede,
Yet he of our well-doing hath a care,
Though of our selues we do not well indeed,
But yet he makes our ill oft well to speed,
He whom his hart approu'd, did proue this true,
Who through adultrous, and a worse misse-deed,
Himselfe, and eake his God, he better knew,
And did himselfe forsake, and God ensue.

As he permitted *Man* for *Iustice* sake,
To fall, to make his *Iustice* so appeere,
So suffers he *Mans* will, his to forsake,
That his pow're should be seene to draw them neere,
And make of both free wills, one will intire,
For were there but (twint *God* and *Man*) one will,
Then *Gods* great pow're not so perspicuous were,
Which makes *Mans* wayward will his owne fulfill,
Without constraint, through pow're and percerlesse skill.

But yet thou saist, why said he not *Man* will
How should he then haue made his will his free?
Better vnfree (saist thou) then be so ill,
But tis not ill at libertie so bee.
If it brings bondage, better be vnfree
(Saist thou againe.) But then *Man* were not *Man*.
And he would grudge at lacke of liberty,
So *God* did for the best, say what thou canst.
Although *Mans* libertie be loofenlesse ran.

But wouldst thou *God* be care of liberty?
That is selfe *freedom*, and his hands for bind,
That hee should not (through straight extremity)
Do with his owne, according to his minde?
Then all *Gods* pow're by thee should be assign'd,
And so thou *God* wouldst bee, and *Man* him make,
For other reason, *Reason* cannot finde,
If thou his libertie wilt from him take,
But he should be thy subject for thy sake.

Mirum in modum.

But yet thou saist, how stands it with his grace,
To let his *Creatures* quite to ruine runne?
Can *Providence* in him haue any place,
That so will end the workes he hath begunne?
Yet, what he doth is for his Glory done,
(Darned Hel- hound, that against thy *God* dost howle)
For by whats lost, to him is Glory wonne,
Sith glorious tis to damne thy sinfull Son'e,
That will thy *God* in all his workes controule.

For he is glorified (none can deny)
By *Iustice* and by *Mercie* both alike.
But heere I heare thee aske the reason, why
He doth not spare those whom his *Iustice* strike,
Whome if he would, he should no way mislike?
For what preuailes gainst his preuailling will?
Not *All*, though all at once against it kick.
Then if he would, *All* should the same fulfill.
And sith he will not, it is worse then *All*.

To such rash *Whies* (that vnder ruine his *Neck* doth)
He thus replies (by him through whom he spake)
*O Man, what are thou that shouldst question *God**
May not the *Potter* what it please him make
Of his owne Clay? And what if all he brake
When it is made? doth he vnlawfull acte?
Thou canst not say he dooth, and not mistake.
But here thou wilt inferre vpon this *Fall*,
That *God* perforce *Mans* will must needs coact.

God by his *Powre* and *Will*, all *Powres* hath made,
And all *Willes* hath disposed to each effect:
That his powre swaies all *Powres*, *Sense* doth perswade,
But that his will, all free-*Willes* should direct
Without constraint, our reason doth reiect.
If *God* those *Willes* should guide without their sway,
His powre could not haue gaine so great respect,
As when all *Willes* his *Will* doe disobey,
Yet to his will, all willes themselves betray.

Misere in medium.

Two wicked ones, whom he would plague with death,
(With sodaine death) fitt to the field to fight
(By malice mou'd) there raise they others breath,
And in their malice they performe a right
His righteous will by rigour most vniht.
Nere must dye his hands in *Christs* blood,
To make them *Martires*, mou'd thereto by spight,
So God would haue it for his *Churches* good,
And for the *Tyrants* plague that her withstood.

To cast away a mans owne handy workes,
Although the workes be his, and stuffe and all,
Doth argue no great wisdome in him lurkes,
And lesse goodnesse; for its prodigall.
If this in mortall Man be criminall,
VVhat list in him, whose *All* is infinite?
Is't not in him crime more than capitall,
To marre what erst he made with rare delight?
Herein, saist thou, thou canst not God acquite.

No canst curst dogge, that barks and bites at once,
God can him selfe acquite, though I could not,
And thee requite with vengeance for the nonce,
For that his beauty thou so faine wouldst blot.
But to his goodnesse it can be no spot.
Nor to his wisdome blemish can it be
To marre, sith he thereby hath glory got,
As well as make, sith both in their degree,
VVith his prerogative doe well agree.

Say he brought that to nought, he made of nought,
Sith it prou'de nought, though he it good had made,
Must he to *Sinners* barre for this be brought,
And there arraigned, condemn'd, and doom'd as bad,
Because such *Changelings* he created had?
To make Man God, he could not bring to passe,
For God is coeternall and vnmade.
Then must he needes make Man such as he was,
Or not haue made Mankind in any case.

Miran in medall

For were a *Nature* reasonable vchangel'd,
 And subiect to no accident of *Time*,
 Aboue an *Angell*; were, for they haue chang'd,
 Therefore it needes must be the *Nature* prime,
 To which *Man* being created, cannot climbe
 But yet thou saist *Adam* in *Paradise*,
 Could not so slide (though he were made of *lime*),
 But *Providence* it needes must preiudice,
 Which should haue staid him still in his iustice.

Then must it haue bereft him of free-will,
 (Whereat hee would haue still repining giu'd,)
 And kept from him the knowledge of all,
 (Which knowledge of all good, hath him depriu'd,)
 Yet *God*, at first, from him that knowledge him'd;
 But *Man* would needes be *God*, and so know all,
 And knowing all, he knew him selfe was giu'd,
 (That first was free) so did him selfe enthral,
 And so him selfe, did cause him selfe to fall.

O but (saist thou) had *God* so pleas'd him,
 T haue kept him from the thought of that amisse,
 And so haue staid him, that he could not sinne,
 He still in *Paradise* had lin'd in blisse,
 But yelde to *God* (damnd wretch) as reason is,
 That due that to a mortall king belongs,
 By whose prerogative, and powre of lin,
 He may, aboue his lawes do seeming wrongs,
 We may not question with repyning tonge.

If *God* should render reason for this *Fall*,
 It should be such as we could not conceales,
 For being *Reason* it selfe, he cannot act
 Vnreasonable deedes, which should bereaue
 Him of his nature which he cannot leaue,
 Yet *Reason* it selfe, when it doth mount as hie
 As it can reach, and there a prooffe doth giue
 What it can do, wee cannot that desery,
 Vlesse we *Reason* were, eternally.

This

Mirum in modum.

This height is past *Man's* reach which is but lowe,
This Depth cannot be gag'd but by the *Highest*,
This *Secret's* such, as who the same doth know,
Must needes be *God*, or at the least be *Christ*.
Then curst art thou, that in it further pri'st
Then is conuenient for a creature made;
In his *Creators* seruice to insist,
And not too farre into this whirle-poole wade,
Where thou mayst loose thy selfe in Errors shade.

And which of both (thinkest thou) would *Reason* choo set
To be made capable of endlesse blisse,
With possibility the same to loose,
And winne a Hell, where all is quite amisse;
Or not to Bee at all, both those to wisse:
Sure, *Reaz'n* the first would choose, because the last
Is lowest hell, where highest horror is;
For in *Not-beeing's* bottome, being fast,
Ought would to worse then *ought*, vnworn wast.

But to haue *Being*, and such *being* to,
As next to *Gods* and *Angells* is the best;
And so to *Be*, what not? would *Nothing* doe,
If it had pow'r to doe, right *Reason's* hest.
Then *Man* blesse *God*, for this thy *Being* blest,
That though thou be accloid with worlds anoy,
And standst in danger worse to be distrest,
If thou doe not thy *Being* well imploy;
But line to die: and thou shalt line in ioy.

If Hell we get it is with greater toile,
Then we endure to gaine Heau'n's happinesse;
Our Soules and Bodies we doe more turmoile,
In worldly-solace (Sincke of *Wretchednesse*)
Then (*Croft* by *Christ*) we doe in all distresse.
For *Sinnes* *Ambrosia* is compact of Gall,
But moane for *Sinne* is *Manna* *Angells* Melle.
And they that Hell endure for Heau'n, they shall
Feele Heau'n in Hell, and Hell no Hell at all.

Mirum in modum.

For worldly pleasure doth but kill the Soule,
As worldly sorrow doth the Body spill.
Sorrowe for sinne doth make both sound and whole,
Because such sorrow's mixt with solace still;
Which is substantiall *good* with seeming *ill*.
This takes away th' objection vsde by thee,
(Thou godlesse *Man*) against thy *Gods* good will,
Which saith he hath no care how 'll we be,
Or if he had, from *ills* would set vs free.

Wherein thou dost the *Good* and *ill* confound,
For to a good man can no ill befall,
Though hells of harmes did euer him surround;
And to a bad man, no good can, or shall
Fall to his share, though he possessed all.
For *Goods* the *ill* abuse vnto their woe,
Wherewith they execute no mischiefes small.
As worldly ills doe make the *good* forgoe,
All that is ill indeede, or ill in shoe.

For as a Body craz'd conuerts good foode
Into the humour ill predominant,
Whenas the sound conuerts to perfect blood,
Those meates that are to health most discrepant,
So doe the *Bad* with *Wealth*, the *Good* with *Want*.
With thy *Mindes* eies behold those *Casars* past
That were fell Tyrants, and thou needes must grant,
That for they were of their owne shades agast,
That which they held, beld them to horror fast.

What if an aking head were crown'd with gold,
What could that doe, more then to paine it more?
It were too heauy, hard, and too too cold,
To giue it ease, or make it as before.
Which *goides* restorative cannot restore.
How stopps the purple Robe, the purple bloud?
Of him whose hart, a traitrous hand did gore;
If in such cases, such can doe no good,
Then who will Tirants taxe in enuious moode

With

Mirum in modum.

With gold or Ir'n, what skills it to be giu'd,
Sith both our freedome reanes indifferently?
What matters it, to be of life deprin'd
With Axe or Hempe? sith all is but to die;
Saue that the Axe doth it more speedily.
Aduance a Begger on a burning Throne,
And at his foote let Princes prostrate lie.
What pleasure takes he in Kings so or throwne?
But such as kingly Tyrants feeble alone.

*The Noble
comes sooner
by violent
death then
the obscure.*

A greater signe of death cannot appeere,
(If sage Hipocrates we credit may)
Then when we see the Sicke to gripe the geare,
That lies vpon them, or with it to play,
They are past helpe (God helpe them) then we say.
So they which still are fingring worldly things,
And greedily gripes all that's in their way,
Whether they Subiects bee, or frolicke Kings,
Are at *Deaths* grizly gate, and *Swan*-like sings.

Many thou seest with *Iustice* Sword in hand,
Vpon it fall, or it falls from 'heir fist,
Because they could not well the same command,
And so themselfes might mischief ere they wist.
God spills and spares by like meanes whom he list.
So want saues some that wealth would cast away,
Phisitions meates restraine that health resist,
And we for our health sake doe them obey,
"Because of sufferance comes ease we say."

Griue not to see a Beggar made a King,
Nor yet a King a Beggar made by chance,
The first doth stand in awe of eu'ry thing,
The last feares nothing subiect to mischance,
Because he liues as death should him aduance.
No Kingdome to *Content*, no *Crowne* t'a *Crosse*,
No peace to that continuall variance,
We haue with our *Affections*, and no losse,
To that of Heau'n for a world of drosse.

Mirtim in Modum.

Store is no sore (some say) nor is ease ill,
So thought not *Cirrus* who the *Sardines* fill'd,
VVith all that mought voluptuous thoughts fulfill,
VVhich for a plague to them he so fulfill'd,
And that they might so curelessly be spill'd.
The sober *Soule*, and temp'rate *Body* sees,
How mortall it is to be ouer-fill'd
Burth eyes offwolne *Excesse* still ouersees,
That which with *God* and *Nature* best agrees.

Many meets *Death* at Feasts that in the field,
Could not come neere him, though for him they sought,
A Splint at Triumph hath some *Kasars* kil'd,
That many a bloody battle erst had fought,
Thus *Kings* to death, triumphantly are brought,
Because they will triumph ere victory,
The end makes all, and in the end we ought
To triumph only: if we liue and die,
Belowe the Crosse, that vs shall crowne on hie.

But yet (saist thou) what *Providence* can see,
The guiltlesse made a bloody sacrifice,
To expiate the rage of *Villanee*,
That nothing else will quiet or suffice,
What skills it how the vertuous liuer dyes,
Sith by a bloody death in likely-hood,
It pleaseth *God* their Soules so to surprize,
And on the brow of *Time* write with their blood,
Their virtues for succeeding *Ages* good?

Thus makes he *Enill*, Good, in spite of *Enill*,
For all that *Is*, doth to his *Glory* tend.
Whereto he guides the doings of the *Devill*.
Though *Devils* doe it not, vnto that end.
Then sith *Gods Providence* so cleere is kend,
As that some *Blindnesse* needs must see the same,
Let *Gods* Peoples wisely thereon stil depend,
Whiles these wise men, like fooles past *Grace* and *Shame*,
(Denying it) loose *Body*, *Soule*, and *Name*.

FINIS.

